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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 15, 1952
With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "GRAPHIC"

the Sphere

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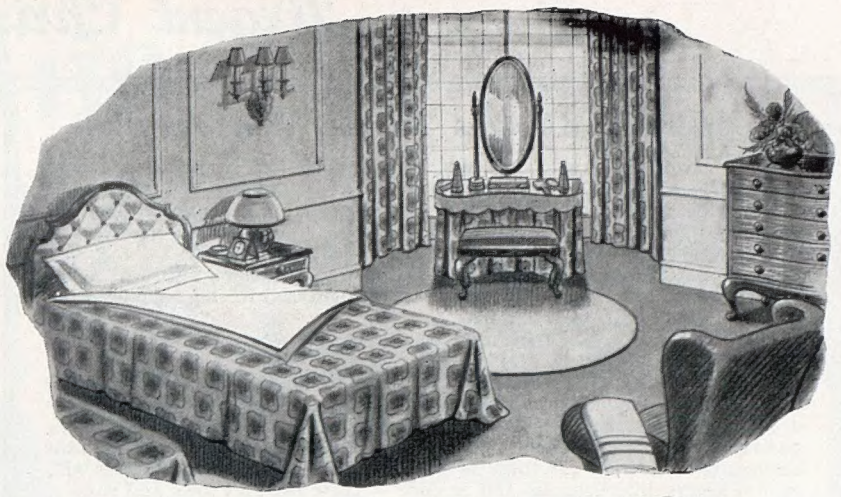

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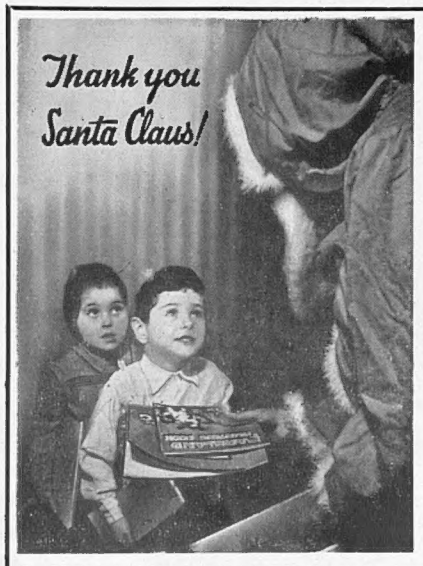

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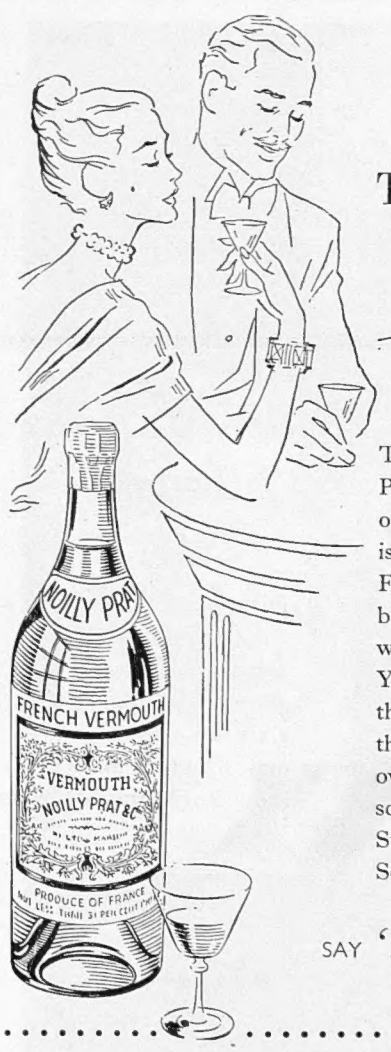

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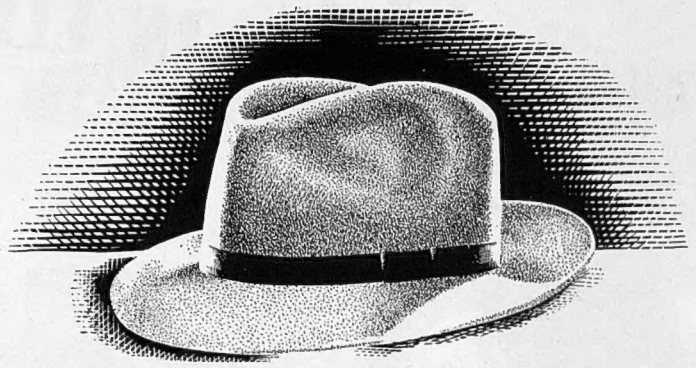

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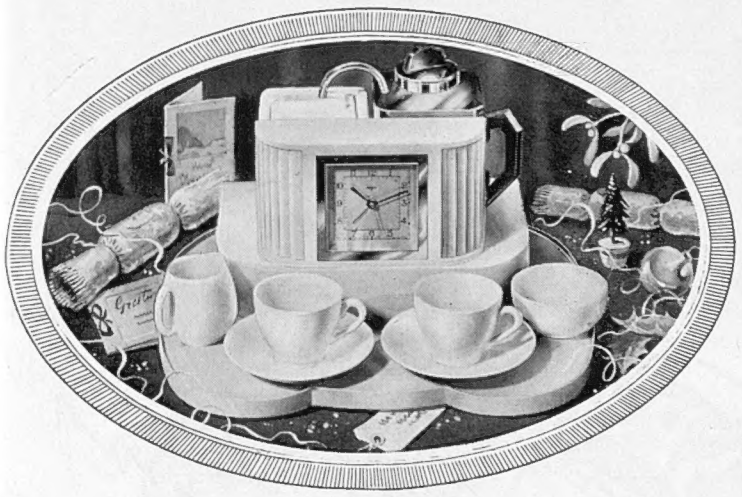

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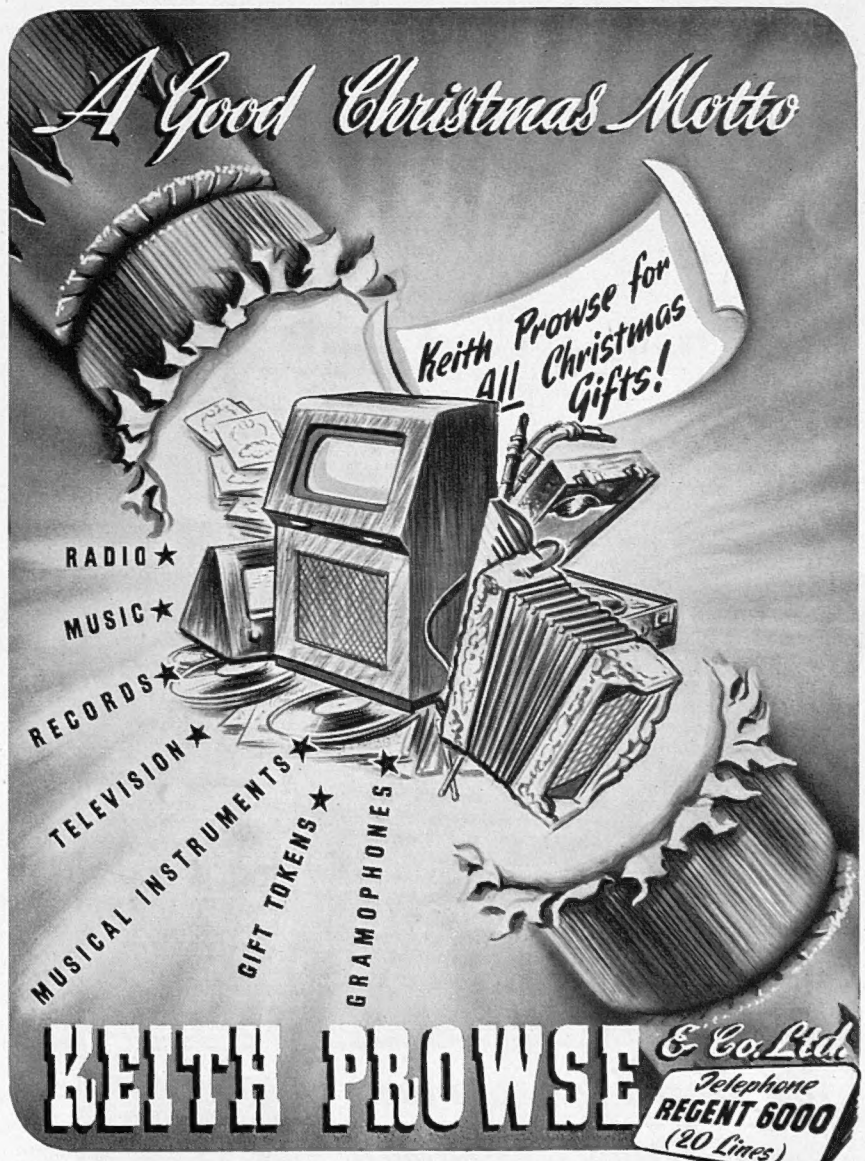

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The evening practice is nearly over . . . . . to-morrow is Christmas Day and once again the bells will peal out their age-old message of Peace, of Goodwill and of Faith renewed . . . . The bellringers slowly walk home and as each parts with a cheerful 'Merry Christmas!' he senses the deep peace pervading this frosty, starlit night . . . . the same peace which we of the Standard Motor Company wish all owners and prospective owners of our products in the year to come.

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The Christmas Harlequinade

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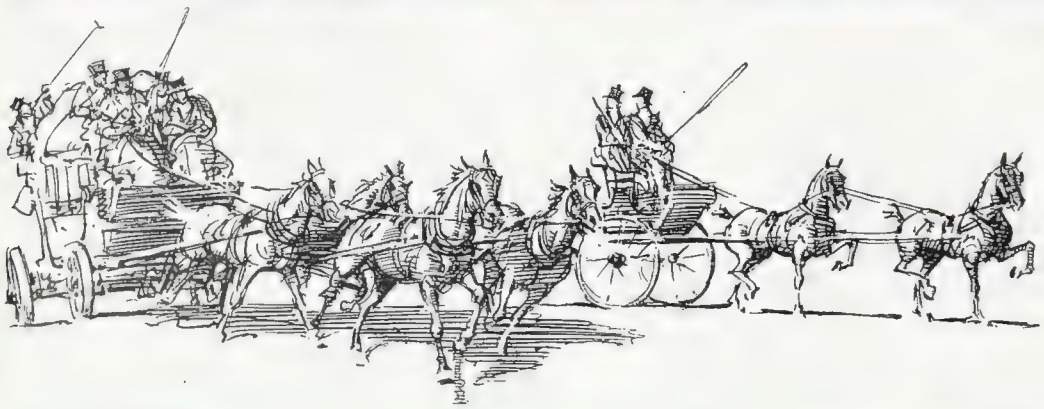
The Sphere *by Philip Gough*

Christmas



The crunch of hooves and wheels as off they go,
The jingle of the harness ; peal of horn,
The merry chatter, swelling high and low—
A world on wheels on eve of Christmas morn.

Bowling along the lanes at spanking pace,
They pass the doctor's gig, whose sober pair
Are soon outdistanced as to town they race
With thoughts alone for friends and Christmas fare.

As dusk begins to fall, a blizzard blows,
And bitter cold strikes man and maid alike,
In ulster warm, with face and hands aglow,
The coachman drives his team through snow and ice.

Journey

Millar Watt illustrates a coaching adventure at the turn of the 18/19th centuries

But, sudden, hopes and frames receive a shock.
A wheel's stuck fast and all are pitched about.
The ladies scream, the coachman on his box
Whips up his team in vain to pull them out.

Then, once again, the tortoise and the hare
From fable change to fact to save the day.
And soon the doctor with his gig and mare
Arrives and takes the ladies on their way.

Bleak hours must pass before the coach makes port,
The moon's long risen and the light of dawn
Shines faintly, but mine host brings all to nought
As ' Welcome, friends,' he cries, ' 'tis Christmas morn.'

The Watch of Flora

a.m

1. *Sow-thistle (closes)*
2. *Goat's-beard*
3. *Ox Tongue*
4. *Wild Succory*
5. *Poppy*
6. *Cat's-ear*
7. *White Water Lily*
8. *Scarlet Pimpernel*
9. *Marigold*
10. *Red Sand Wort*
11. *Star of Bethlehem*
12. *Ice Plant*

p.m

1. *Purslane*
2. *Sand Wort (closes)*
3. *Dandelion (closes)*
4. *Spider Wort (closes)*
5. *Jalap*
6. *Dusky Cranesbill*
7. *Poppy (closes)*
8. *Orange Lily (closes)*
9. *Cactus Opuntia*
10. *Purple Bindweed*
11. *Night blooming Catchfly*
12. *Late flowering Dandelion (closes)*

"*Whilst Emilie was confined by her sprained ankle, she employed herself in embroidering and painting various trifles, which she intended to offer as* souvenirs *to her English friends. Amongst these, the prettiest was one which she called* The Watch of Flora." *So wrote Maria Edgeworth of* Emilie de Coulanges. *Linnæus, the famous 18th century Swedish botanist, whose* Geneva Plantarum *was the beginning of modern, systematic botany, had enumerated forty-six flowers which opened or closed their petals at particular times of the day or night. Linnæus had made his observations at the botanic gardens in Uppsala (where he was a lecturer in botany) and the Mlle. de Coulanges of the story had some difficulty in finding references for the twenty-four flowers she had selected. Painting flower clocks was one of the relaxations thought fit for young ladies of the 18th and 19th centuries, and many hours were passed in choosing the most attractive combinations and in painting them. The watch of flora is also referred to by Erasmus Darwin in his* Botanic Garden, *upon which the fame as a poet of the grandfather of Charles Darwin is founded.*

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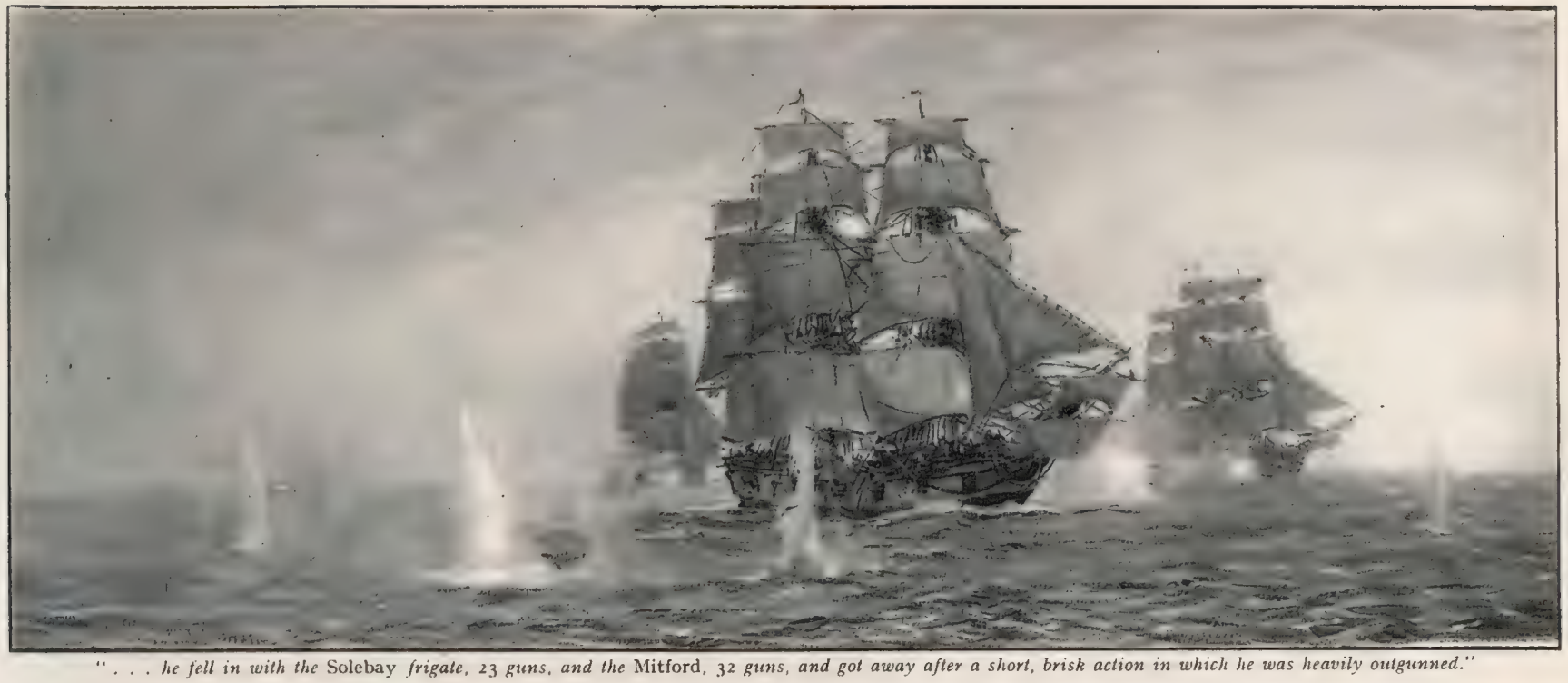

". . . he fell in with the Solebay *frigate, 23 guns, and the* Mitford, *32 guns, and got away after a short, brisk action in which he was heavily outgunned."*

A Chapter from Marine History

When Paul Jones Harried Our Shores

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

" In a calm April midnight of '78, he hove-to and made for the shore in two boats . . ."

OFF Flamborough Head you may hear across nearly two centuries, if you 've a mind to, the cannonade of one of the toughest little fights in naval history. It was Captain Paul Jones, champion of American independence, banging at Britain's door ; for had he not vowed to take the war to our shores and show the English that " not all their boasted navy can protect their own coasts, and that the scenes of distress which they have occasioned in America may soon be brought home to their own door " ?

This gardener's son of Arbigland, Kirkcudbright, born John Paul in 1747, had early gone to sea and seen some smuggling off the American coast, some " blackbirding " in the West Indies. In 1773 he settled in Virginia, on land left by an elder brother, changed his name to Paul Jones, and became more American than the Colonists. Two years later he was a lieutenant in the newly-formed, hastily-fitted-out American Navy, then promoted to the command of the *Providence*, a sloop with twelve 6-pounders. He not only had a zest for adventure of the privateering sort ; he took the new navy very seriously and agitated for improvements that would make it even better than the English.

Meantime, there was work to do. In the autumn of '76 he took sixteen sail, destroying eight of them. Towards the end of the year he fell in with the *Solebay* frigate, 23 guns, and the *Milford*, 32 guns, and got away after a short, brisk action in which he was heavily outgunned. A captain now, in command of a Rhode Island squadron sailing to attack Isle Royal, he captured an armed vessel from Liverpool, the *Mellish*, carrying 10,000 uniforms for General Burgoyne's army ; and what a prize that was, at a time when Washington's was virtually in rags and tatters ! Other prizes on this voyage considerably enhanced his reputation to the point where he could plague the naval committee for a ship for a free-lance thrust against England's coasts.

He was given the *Ranger*, proudly hoisted the first Union flag in her—thirteen white stars on a blue field—and sailed for Brest, where the French fleet was the first to salute it in a foreign port. Now for Whitehaven, with its 200 or more ships, tinder to the flint of his rebellious anger—a port he knew

(Continued on following page)

(*Continued from previous page*)

well, for he had sailed from there as a lad.

In a calm April midnight of '78, he hove-to and made for the shore in two boats with thirty-odd volunteers, landing at dawn : he on the south side of the harbour, Lieutenant Wallingford, with the fire-raising gear, on the north. Scaling the walls, Jones's party surprised the guard in the guardhouse, and spiked the fort's cannon. With one man, he then rushed to a second fort south of it and spiked the cannon there, too.

No ships were yet afire on the north side. Had there been a hitch ? Pulling across, he found the fire-party in confusion, for their light had burnt out just when it was needed. " We must go to that house there and beg a light," he ordered one of his men. " They will not suspect us if we are careful." The light was obtained, a ship in the centre of a fleet of others fired, and a barrel of tar poured on to the blaze.

That was all that could be done, for the town was now awake to its danger and day had dawned. While his crews embarked, Jones stood on the jetty, pistol cocked, keeping the infuriated townsfolk at bay. All returned intact to the *Ranger*, under ineffective fire from one or two guns which were rushed up. Whitehaven had been singed, not roasted, as was intended ; but it was a start.

His next objective was St. Mary's Isle, seat of the Earl of Selkirk, on the Scottish coast—to kidnap the Earl as hostage for the better treatment of American prisoners in English hands. This plan, too, miscarried, as he was away at the time. But the Countess was there to hand over, under protest, the family plate. Jones, addressing her later from Brest, was gallantly apologetic about this, explaining that his officers and crew insisted on their right to booty, so he would himself buy up the plate and return it to her.

The next day he was cogitating a raid on Carrickfergus when he spied an English sloop, the *Drake*, making out of harbour with some smaller craft evidently manned by townsfolk eager to witness his destruction. Calmly he waited for her to come within hail, and when she demanded his identity, replied : " The American ship *Ranger*. We wait for you, and desire that you come on. The sun is now little more than an hour from setting : it is therefore time to begin ! "

In the sharp, stubborn action which followed, the *Drake's* rigging was shot to pieces, fore and main topsail yards were both cut away, topgallant yard and mizzen gaff left hanging, masts and hull badly damaged. Her captain fell with a ball in his head, his lieutenant was also killed, the scuppers ran with blood, her remaining officer had to strike her colours. Jones, too, lost his lieutenant, Wallingford, but his crew suffered far less than *Drake's*—only eight to her forty-two dead and wounded. He patched up his ship and sailed for France with his prize and some 200 prisoners. All along the coast people were on guard, fearing an assault. He had knocked on England's door and brought scared faces to the windows.

But all that was only a curtain-raiser to a second expedition in the summer of '79 with eight ships fitted out by the French, later reduced to four : the *Duras*, renamed *Bonhomme Richard* after Dr. Franklin's " Poor Richard's Almanack," 40 guns ; *Alliance*, 36 guns ; *Pallas*, 30 ; *Vengeance*, 12. The squadron, with Jones as Commodore but the French captains in individual command, rounded Ireland and Scotland, taking many prizes, then headed for Leith to hold the town to ransom and attack a king's ship with cutters which Jones learned lay anchored there ; but a storm and lack of co-operation from his envious French captains prevented this. The

(*Continued on page 20*)

On right—" *In the sharp, stubborn action which followed, the* Drake's *rigging was shot to pieces . . . masts and hull badly damaged.*"

" *Soon* Bonhomme *ran her bows into the* Serapis' *stern, and Captain Pearson demanded: Had she struck?*"

(*Continued from page* 18)

squadron split up. He proceeded down the coast on the look-out for prey, and off Flamborough Head—where he had arranged a rendezvous with *Alliance*—sighted forty-odd sail and gave chase.

The merchantmen at once made for the shore, while the two convoying warships covering them prepared for battle: *Serapis*, 44 guns, a new ship with a picked crew commanded by Captain Richard Pearson, celebrated for courage and resource, and the *Countess of Scarborough*. Jones's *Bonhomme* was no match for the *Serapis*. She was old, with unsound timbers, some of the guns worn out, a mixed crew of half-a-dozen nationalities well below her complement, for two boats' crews had been lost on the Irish coast, a third sent off to bag a brigantine. But these handicaps only served to put the Commodore on his mettle.

The action, fought on an evening of clear, still moonlight, opened with broadsides from *Serapis* and *Bonhomme*, abreast of each other. Soon *Bonhomme* ran her bows into the *Serapis'* stern, and Captain Pearson, attributing this to her crew's inability to work the *Bonhomme*, demanded: Had she struck? "We have not yet begun to fight!" was Jones's brusque retort, though the broadsides had holed his ship in several places, water was rushing in, and he was getting no support. *Pallas* had engaged the *Countess*; *Alliance*, under her sullen, envious French captain, Landais, held apart as if to spite the Commodore, leaving him to fight alone.

When the *Serapis*, in attempting to clear, ran her bowsprit in over the *Bonhomme's* poop by the mizzen-mast, Jones at once grappled, the *Serapis* came round in the wind with her stern to the other's bows until the two lay close alongside, guns touching, yards entangled. Thus Jones adroitly saved his ship from sinking and at the same time countered under-water punishment from eighteen-pounders.

The close fighting was now fast and furious, with *Serapis* pumping in continuous broadsides to sink her enemy at all costs. *Bonhomme's* battery of twelve-pounders was silenced; most of the six eighteen-pounders on the lower gundeck burst, killing nearly all the gunners; only two of the nine-pounders on the quarter-deck still

(*Concluded on page* 56)

" *But to his amazement and dismay her treacherous captain, Landais . . . raked the* Bonhomme's *stern with a broadside, firing indiscriminately at both ships.*"

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The MUMMERS

By

RICHARD EURICH, A.R.A.

THE mummers were a feature of Christmas in olden times, and were often the only form of outside entertainment in remote places. Troupes, dressed in their fantastic costumes, would go round the farmhouses, first serenading and then joining the party inside. Their revels were not restricted to Christmas, and in Scotland they survived for long at Hogmanay, New Year's Day and Handsel Monday (the first Monday in the year). They were known as Guisards, and on these nights and at Christmas they played a drama called *Galatian*, which was well known throughout the Lowlands. Mumming was apparently a survival of the Roman masquerades held during the orgies of the Saturnalia. In the towns the performances were far more elaborate, and John Stow describes a "show" in 1377 for "disport of the young Prince Richard, son to the Black Prince, in the feast of Christmas" with one hundred and thirty citizens of London "disguised and well horsed in a mummerie with sounds of Trumpets, Sackbuts, Cornets, Shalmes and other Minstrels, and innumerable torch lights of Wax."

LONDON IN

'BUSES AND HANSOM CABS IN OXFORD STREET

OUTSIDE THE OLD GAIETY THEATRE, IN THE STRAND

Those leisured days are happily recalled by the pictures on these pages which are taken from Helmut Gernsheim's collection of Victorian photographs. Now that London's last tram has moved in its "predestinate groove," it is amusing to see the horse-drawn prototypes. This photograph of Westminster Bridge Road and those of Oxford Street and of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill were taken by one of the earliest and best-known Scottish photographers, George Washington Wilson. Born in 1823, Wilson was an artist who took up photography about 1852. By the '80's his Aberdeen firm was the largest photographic concern in Scotland and one of the largest in the world. He advertised that he had 20,000 different views for sale. While his own work was done in the British Isles, he also engaged travelling photographers. G. W. Wilson was said to be Queen Victoria's favourite photographer. He took early groups of the Royal family, was the first to photograph the new Balmoral Castle, and became the Queen's Photographer Royal. He was celebrated for his landscape pictures and for his instantaneous stereoscopic views. These were almost equivalent to snapshots and Wilson was one of the first exponents in 1856. The London Stereoscopic Company, which was responsible for the photograph of the Strand, was founded in 1854. It was the earliest company to specialise in the popular stereoscopic views, flooded the world markets and became one of the leading firms in the business. The company produced all kinds of photographs and was active until well into the present century.

THE EIGHTIES

FLEET STREET AND LUDGATE HILL

HORSE-DRAWN TRAMS IN THE WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD

THE FIRST AERIAL VOYAGE IN ENGLAND, 1784.

Although there are lesser contenders for the title of being "first up" in England, Vincent Lunardi was certainly the first proper aerial voyager. In the full-dress uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company, this Neapolitan adventurer—he was his Embassy's Secretary—set off in a hydrogen balloon from the Artillery Grounds at Moorfields, London, on September 15, 1784. Along with him in the basket went a pigeon, a cat, a dog, a bottle of wine, a leg of chicken and other provisions. He floated off "to the most extravagant expressions of approbation and joy," and first touched down at North Mimms, where the cat decided it had had enough, and abandoned ship. Then up again, and the journey finally ended at Standon, in Hertfordshire. The 24 miles had been covered in two-and-a-quarter hours. It is not surprising that the handsome and gallant pilot was the toast of the town and that Lunardi bonnets and garters became the rage for feminine shoppers.

UP IN THE AIR

The Romantic and Fantastic Story of Ballooning in the 18th and 19th Centuries

by C·H·GIBBS-SMITH

OF all the adventures of the human spirit, flying has from ancient times appealed to men as one of the most desirable but unattainable ambitions. The easy achievements of the bird and irritating accomplishments of countless insects added envy to ambition; and from King Bladud—the mythical founder of Bath and father of King Lear—to the Marquis of Bacqueville and his successors, the ambition took the form of leaping from high places with the unreliable assistance of man-made wings. Many adventurers killed themselves in the process; some were fortunate enough merely to break their limbs. The Marquis himself had the questionable luck of landing on a washerwoman's barge when he tried to fly the Seine in 1742.

Most tantalising was Leonardo da Vinci, who displayed one of his few mistakes in spending so much time on trying to make an ornithopter (flapping-wing aircraft), which he ought to have known would never work, instead of concentrating on a fixed-wing glider which he could easily have mastered. However, the flappers persisted in their fruitless efforts, on and off, until the late nineteenth century, as we shall see.

It must have been a bewildering shock to the would-be bird-men when the first successful aircraft turned out to be a great paper bag inflated with hot air which, without a single flap, floated up into the air in 1783.

The two Montgolfier brothers, paper-makers of Annonay, in France, having experimented with small paper bags the year before, went on making bigger and better bags until the first human aerial voyage of history took place from the Gardens of the Château de la Muette, near Paris, on November 21, 1783. The balloon was a giant affair of linen and paper, delightfully decorated, that took Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes 5½ miles, with their hot-air monster sustained by a brazier slung in its neck.

Within a month, on December 1, a much more remarkable event took place. After one trial model, the famous Paris chemist Professor Charles designed and flew the first proper hydrogen balloon from Paris to Nesle, a distance of 27 miles. He had made a balloon which, in most essentials, was like those used to-day, with valve, ballast, altimeter (barometer), net and basket. For a few years the Montgolfières and Charlières were rivals, but the hot-air bag was soon outpaced except for showman's exhibitions of parachute descents in the last century.

Within a few years of this chance conquest of the air, an extraordinary amount of time

On left—

THE WORLD'S FIRST AERIAL VOYAGE, 1783.

The first human beings to go on a free aerial voyage were the Marquis d'Arlandes and Pilâtre de Rozier (the pilot), who sailed into the air from the grounds of a château in the Bois de Boulogne on November 21, 1783. Their gaily-decorated balloon was designed and made by the brothers Montgolfier, paper-makers of Annonay, near Lyons. It was suspended limp between the two masts until inflated with hot air by the fire beneath the stage. Then another fire was lit in a brazier slung in the neck of the balloon, the ropes were let go and off they went. The journey was uneventful except for a small fire which was put out with a sponge. They went 5½ miles in twenty-five minutes.

and talent was put into aeronautics—both aviation (heavier than air flight) and aerostation (lighter-than-air). The parachute was perfected in 1797 by the Frenchman Garnerin, although the lack of a vent hole in the crown was to make the passengers very sick for many years by the pendulating movements of their mounts, after they cut adrift from the parent balloons that took them aloft.

In 1785 the English Channel had been crossed in a dangerous and erratic flight by the American Dr. Jeffries (sponsor) and the waspish little Frenchman Blanchard (pilot) who was described as "well suited for vapourish regions," and who, incidentally, tried to cheat Dr. Jeffries out of his ride. In the near panic that accompanied their flight, the pilot lost his head and, after jettisoning everything movable as ballast, took off his trousers and threw them overboard, too—and it was a cold January day!

From those early times right through until 1914 the sport of ballooning followed a romantic and adventurous course. In 1836 a balloon covered 500 miles non-stop to Nassau in Germany and set up a record. In the 1860s the Federal forces in the American Civil War used the balloon for useful reconnaissance (following Napoleon who had already tried it in 1794). Meanwhile less serious pilots were flying over land and water, and often landing uncomfortably in the latter; were dropping from their balloons in parachutes; were giving aerial firework displays, one of which caused the death of the first woman aeronaut, Madame Blanchard, in 1819; were going up astride unfortunate horses and one unfortunate stag; were having many adventures and an occasional fatality; and were, without knowing it, building up an invaluable body of knowledge and experience as airmen.

In the Victorian era balloons were used for three main purposes: entertainment, sport and science, with an occasional warlike sortie thrown in. The latter, apart from the American Civil War, included one isolated and remarkable event. For it was drifting and pilotless hot-air

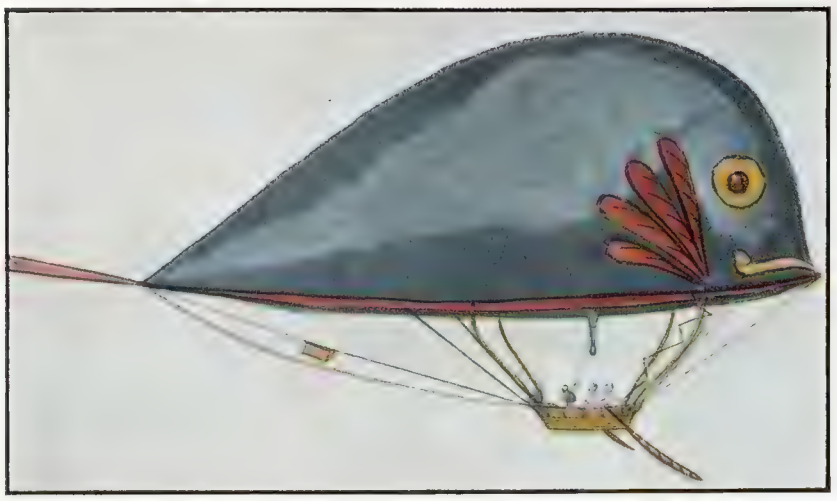
(*Concluded on page 44*)

SUGGESTED BIRD TRACTION FOR BALLOONS, 1801

Almost as soon as the practical balloon was invented in 1783, inventors turned their minds to steering and controlling the free flying balloon. Dirigibles, as we know them, did not arrive until 1852, despite unrealised brilliant ideas and proposals before that. But a number of imaginative romantics, with perhaps a vague belief in their suggestions, said that balloons should be drawn by birds just as chariots were by horses. The Austrian, J. Kaiserer, like a true Viennese, thought up (in 1801) the engaging dream shown here, with two harnessed eagles to provide the areo engines. One man, a Scot named Mackintosh, even suggested a sixteen eagle team flying, like slaves, in an aerial galley.

THE CELEBRATIONS AT NAPOLEON'S CORONATION, 1804.

This is one of the finest balloon prints, and much coveted by collectors. It shows some of the celebrations held to mark the Coronation of Napoleon as Emperor in 1804. The great balloon embellished with a giant eagle attached below may have been piloted by the pioneer of parachutes, A. J. Garnerin, but we do not know for certain. The baby balloons were pilotless. However, Garnerin is known to have launched a big pilotless balloon bearing an illuminated crown on the evening of December 16th. This graceful tribute ended in disgrace and caused Napoleon considerable misery; for the balloon drifted to Italy and crashed on Nero's tomb before finally ditching itself in Lake Bracciano. The Italian newspapers had a field day in their pointed comparisons between the two Dictators, and the whole affair was a signal failure and gave ballooning a delightfully earned black mark.



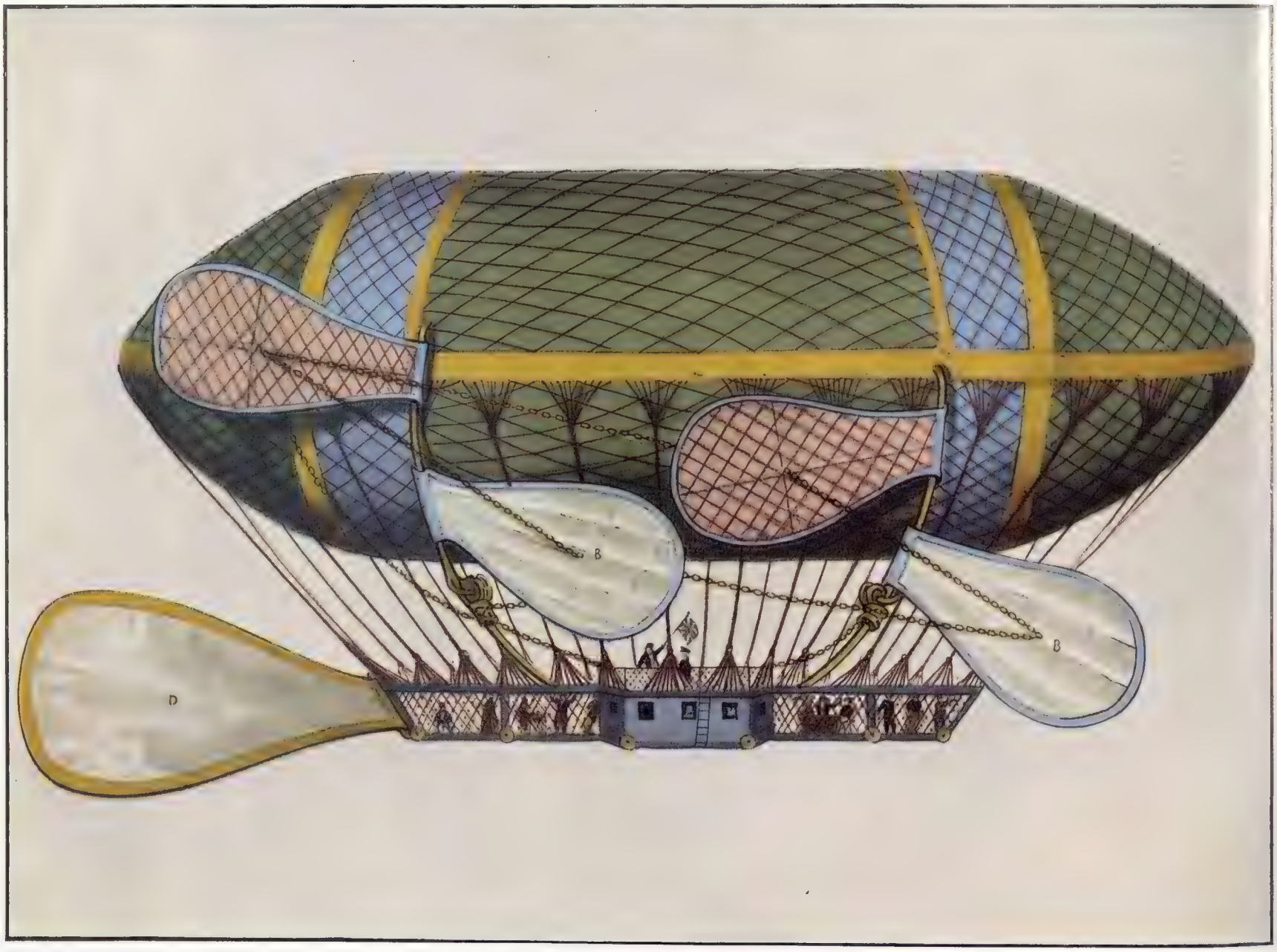
A FISH WOULD GO A'FLYING, 1816-17

Above : Alas, this most delightful of all aircraft in history did not rise into the air ; but it was nearly finished at Knightsbridge and died, shall we say, of derision. Known as " Egg's Folly," this far-from-laughable Dolphin dirigible was designed by John Pauly and Durs Egg, both of them Swiss, the latter being gun-maker to George III. The makers chose a fish for the excellent reason that fish have streamlined themselves through the ages, and a fish shape for water should therefore be a good shape for air. Having no prime mover they could only think of oars for propulsion ; but they had the very modern ideas of an interior air ballonet to ensure the ship keeping its shape, and an adjustable trimming device (the first ever) in the form of a movable weight.

On right : James Sadler was an Oxford confectioner who became the first proper English air pilot. Others had tried and failed and one other (Vincent Lunardi) had succeeded in this country. But our first native-born aeronaut was soon off the ground, in 1784, and received " the approbation of the whole University, to whom he gave the utmost satisfaction." This was in a Montgolfiar hot-air balloon. Soon he was flying a hydrogen balloon, and he became and remained a famous pilot until his death—peaceful enough—in 1828. But like most good pilots he had occasional bad luck. He came down in water twice in his life, the occasion shown here being his attempt (with William Clayfield) to fly the Bristol Channel in 1810. Shortage of gas and ballast gave them an uneasy hour being wafted across the water, with the balloon envelope acting as a sail.

Below : Count Lennox was a rather nebulous character and said to have been a French colonel of Scottish descent. He made two airships both called *The Eagle* or *L'Aigle*, and the first was built in France in 1834. He tried an ascent from the Champ de Mars but the netting came adrift, the envelope burst and the crowd destroyed the remains—a 19th century habit which was common when people had attended a show which went awry. Then the Count built the airship seen here, but this time in England in 1835, where it was exhibited to a gaping (and paying) audience. It was never flown, and with the absurd " flippers " would in any case have been hopelessly impracticable.

AN EARLY CASE OF FALLING IN THE DRINK, 1810



AN ANGLO-FRENCH MONSTER OF 1835

UP IN THE AIR

The engravings and watercolours on these and the previous two pages are reproduced by permission of The Royal Aeronautical Society

TRAGICO-ROMANTIC CRASH, 1824

Above : Romance came only too seldom to ballooning, but this tragic occasion in 1824 was one of the romantic high spots of the sport. Thomas Harris had a rather curious idea for a double valve, of which the smaller one would open to make the balloon descend, and both together could be opened to evacuate the envelope quickly after landing. Unfortunately, when taking Miss Stocks (of the Haymarket Theatre) for a ride, he pulled both by mistake when still airborne. The story goes, and it may be true, that when he saw his mistake, the chivalrous Harris jumped overboard to lighten the plunging balloon and so save Miss Stocks. They fell into Beddington Park near Croydon, Harris being killed and the lady being only bumped.

Below : This popular print shows the dream of W. S. Henson who designed the "Aerial Steam Carriage." It was to be steam-powered with two pusher propellers, monoplane construction and tricycle undercarriage. But when he had finished a small model version in 1847 it would not fly : so he gave up in despair. His friend and collaborator, J. Stringfellow, went ahead and designed another but similar machine which made aviation history—for it flew under its own power at Chard, in 1848, becoming the first powered aircraft in the world to sustain itself in the air.

THE GREAT BALLOON OF NASSAU OVER THE THAMES

The famous "Great Balloon of Nassau" was known to every Victorian worth his salt, and so was her pilot Charles Green. Green first went up in 1821 and he died of heart failure in 1870 (aged 85). The balloon, under her first name the "Royal Vauxhall Balloon," had made the famous long flight to Nassau in 1836, and was afterwards re-named. She was in service for more than 35 years, and was made from 2,000 yards of crimson and white silk.

ONE OF THE GREAT AERONAUTICAL PROPHECIES, 1842

FROST FAIR

WILLIAM McLAREN ILLUSTRATES JOHN GAY'S VERSE, WHICH THE AUTHOR OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" WAS INSPIRED TO WRITE AFTER THE GREAT FROST OF 1715-16. IT WAS FIRST PUBLISHED IN HIS "TRIVIA: OR, THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON."

O roving Muse, recall that wond'rous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted oziers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town;
And wander roads unstable, not their own:
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,

And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crouded fair.
So when a gen'ral bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain ;
Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate :
In elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft, as the breath of distant flutes, at hours,
When silent ev'ning closes up the flow'rs ;
Lulling, as falling water's hollow noise ;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.

Doll ev'ry day had walk'd these treach'rous roads ;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit ; she now a basket bore,
That head, alas ! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah Doll ! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry it self submit to death ;
The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dyes,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies :
Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.
So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deformed with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd ;
Eurydice, with quiv'ring voice, he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

A factual account of the Great Frost is given on p. 52.

W. J. SHAYER

FULL CRY

FOUR HUNTING SCENES BY FAMOUS SPORTING PAINTERS OF THE 19th CENTURY

Hunting pictures have always been very much to the British taste and the four reproduced on these pages, by permission of M. Bernard of 21, Ryder Street, St. James's, are typical examples of this branch of art, which reached its zenith during the first half of the nineteenth century. W. J. Shayer, the son of William Shayer of Southampton, famed for his paintings of cattle and rural scenes, was born in 1811 and died in 1860. He exhibited many pictures in London of coaching and hunting scenes.

Henry Alken was one of the best known and most prolific of sporting artists. He first made a name under the signature "Ben Tallyho." His domestic life was unsatisfactory, and he died after a long illness and in poverty in 1851 at the age of 66. But he left a great body of work behind him. Many of his engravings show a robust sense of humour. In 1869 an edition of *Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities* was published with 16 plates by Alken. During Alken's last years he accepted the hospitality of Mr. Magniac, Master of the Oakley Hunt from 1841-47, and stayed with him for two years at Colworth. It was during this period that he painted the picture reproduced below, which was Henry Alken's largest canvas.

HENRY ALKEN—The Oakley Hunt

DALBY of YORK

David Dalby was born in Yorkshire in 1790. The late Sir Walter Gilbey had a high opinion of his work and, in some respects, compared him favourably with Herring. Gilbey said : "We see by the manner in which he puts his men in their saddles that Dalby himself was a good huntsman. He also understood fox-hunting, and could prove his knowledge on his canvas. Herring knew more of coaching than of fox-hunting, and thus Dalby had the advantage over him in the latter department of art." Few details are available concerning Dalby, but, in middle life, he was the object of an act of charity when several sportsmen united to supply him with twenty hunters to be painted for the miserably small sum of three guineas each. He is not heard of after this somewhat dismal event, and it would appear that he fell upon hard times, as did his more celebrated contemporary Henry Alken.

R. B. DAVIS

Richard Barrett Davis was one of the nine sons of the Richard Davis who became huntsman to the Royal harriers. His younger brother, Charles, was a famous sporting figure and held the office of Huntsman Royal from 1822 until 1866. Both Charles and R. B. Davis were patronised by George III, and the artist was placed under Sir Francis Bourgeois, R.A., as a boy. In 1828-29 he became animal painter to George IV. The scarcity of his pictures is partly due to the large number of examples of his work which have remained in the Royal collections. Over seventy of his paintings were exhibited at the Royal Academy.

A VASE OF FLOWERS and FRUIT ON A PEDESTAL

A CHARACTERISTIC COMPOSITION BY THE AUSTRIAN MASTER, FRANZ XAVIER PETTER

Franz Xavier Petter, who was born in Vienna in 1791 and died there in 1866, is now established as one of the first flower painters of the early nineteenth century, taking his place with the better known Van Os's, and Van Brussel. In his day his work found favour with the Imperial Court of Austria and with the nobility and the wealthy. He studied at the Academy of Vienna under Johann Drechsler and Sebastian Wegmayr and, by 1814, had become a korrektor at the school of flower painting. Petter made many beautiful designs for the Vienna china factory and, in 1835, became Direktor of the Manufakturschule. He also painted miniatures for the lids of ornamental boxes. His work is remarkable for the intricacy and brilliance of his painting and for an idiosyncrasy of introducing parrots, canaries and other exotic birds into his larger compositions, as may be seen in the fine example of his work, signed and dated 1838, which is reproduced above by permission of M. Bernard, 21, Ryder Street, St. James's.

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MODELS: LIVING AND LAY

By L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A.

MR. LEONARD CAMPBELL TAYLOR, a Senior Academician, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1923 and has been an R.A. for twenty-one years. That he has lost none of his skill in his seventy-eighth year is amply demonstrated by the charming painting which is reproduced above, and which was exhibited at this year's Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. Mr. Campbell Taylor is best known for his interiors—often of spacious drawing-rooms and salons, beautifully furnished and inhabited by charming young women in Victorian dress. The delightful "MODELS: Living and Lay" gives us an opportunity to study his work, unhampered by the associations of his more familiar subjects. His mastery of composition and of draughtsmanship is apparent in this monochrome reproduction, and it is not difficult to understand the great popularity of his work, which has won recognition all over the world.

A Golden

Some Memories of

THERE is a popular song nowadays in which the singer asserts that he—or she—is dreaming of a White Christmas. That is all very well, but there are those who have happy dreams of a Golden Christmas—not as regards the weather, but because the Christmas season was one of gold, because of its richness, its almost staggering abundance of good cheer and because it was always—in this country, at any rate—a time of Peace and Good Will. War there might be, but it would be hundreds of miles away. It never interfered with the Spirit of Christmas.

Christmas was the peak of the year, the most eagerly-looked-forward-to Festival of them all. It was the great day for the children; yes, but it was a day when almost everybody went back to their childhood days themselves, renewed their youth and gave themselves up to happiness, without a thought of the morrow.

Christmas in the '80's and '90's of the last century—Christmas, right up to 1914, was not far removed from the Christmas which Charles Dickens had invented. It was spent in the home. Those restaurant meals, so formally impersonal in their organised gaiety, were not fashionable. People lived in houses which had plenty of room—and rooms—and there was still such a thing as The Family. Christmas Day was the time of the annual tribal gathering.

Even in those days, which now seem so far distant, the bulk of the work and preparation for the annual feast fell upon the housewife. But she did not worry much about it. She had ample assistance in the house—there were domestic servants (those poor, downtrodden serfs who never realised their servitude and who would have been very cross indeed if anyone had informed them they were slaves). And there were also the ladies who came in "to oblige"—and really did so.

The good housewife had no worry about provisions. It was not a question as to whether or no she could get a turkey, it was more a question of what she was to do with the positive flood of those birds which would deluge the house. She had no shopping worries at all. She had no queues to stand in. In that topsy-turvy world, the shopkeepers imagined it was their duty in life to give service and supply what was wanted, with civility and dispatch. Nothing was under the counter, everything was on it, and in the windows, in full display. They were only too anxious to sell their goods—they got their living by it. They took the largest orders with glee. They licked their pencils, wrote it all down and said: "And the next thing, please?" Having booked the order, they actually delivered it all to the house. Women did not have to lug their purchases home—they could shop all day and return without a parcel (unless they wanted to carry something),

Christmas
the Days of Plenty

BY W. MACQUEEN-POPE

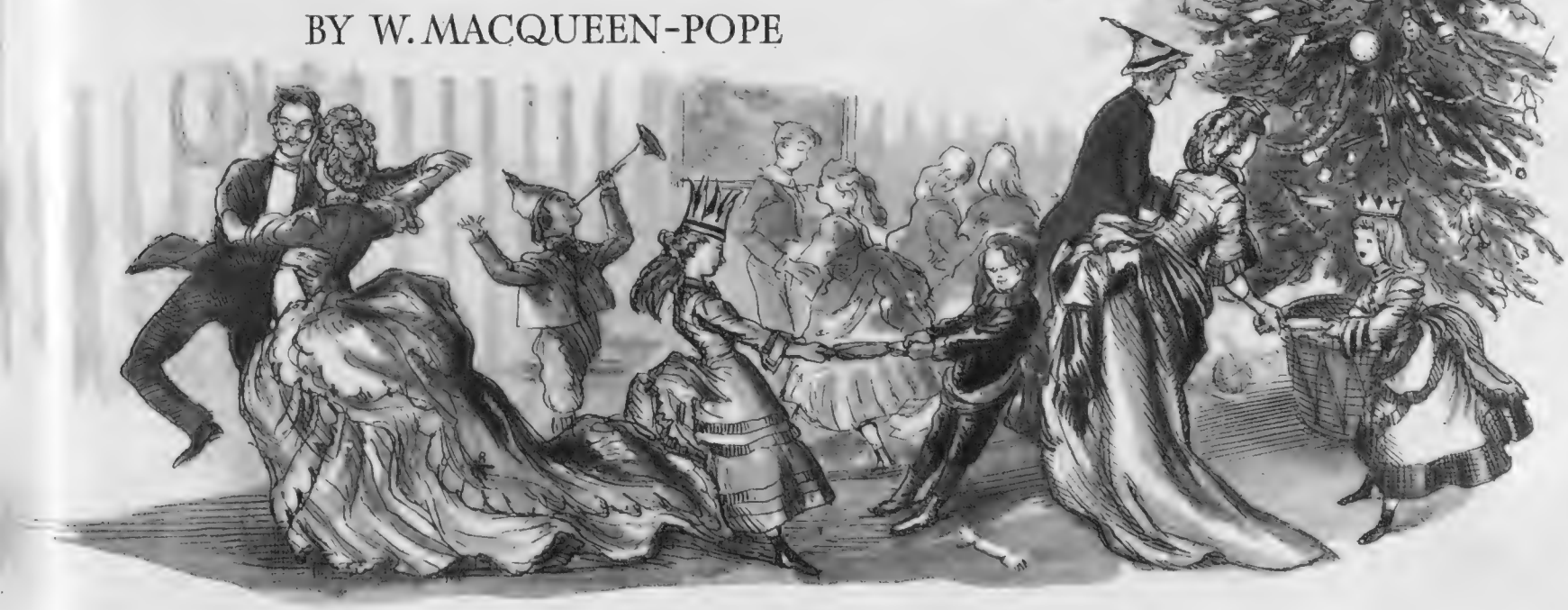
with the certain knowledge that it would all come to their door without mishap. They could not have carried home their Christmas shopping themselves—it would have broken their backs. Eagerly anticipated as Christmas was, there were no exhortations to shop early. No clamant notices shouted: "Only so many more shopping days to Christmas." There was plenty for all, plenty of money to buy it—and plenty of time, too.

In those days, the thrill of Christmas was not spoiled by too previous anticipation. Nowadays the shops begin to deck themselves in October. That dulls the edge of realisation. But everybody to-day is in such a hurry, nobody can wait to savour the full flavour of the occasion, when the actual moment of ripeness arrives. It is not only Christmas which is anticipated, one is asked to remember the "Guy" nowadays, long before the Fifth of November dawns. People are urged to fix their summer holidays in mid-winter. All that spoils the fun. In those older days, Christmas did not begin until December was some days old. Nothing had to be ordered in advance, few people selected their printed Christmas cards in the mellow September sunshine. Indeed, few people had them specially printed, they preferred the personal touch. They liked picking them out of the trays at the stationers, with a view to the personal taste of and the suitability for the individual for whom they were intended.

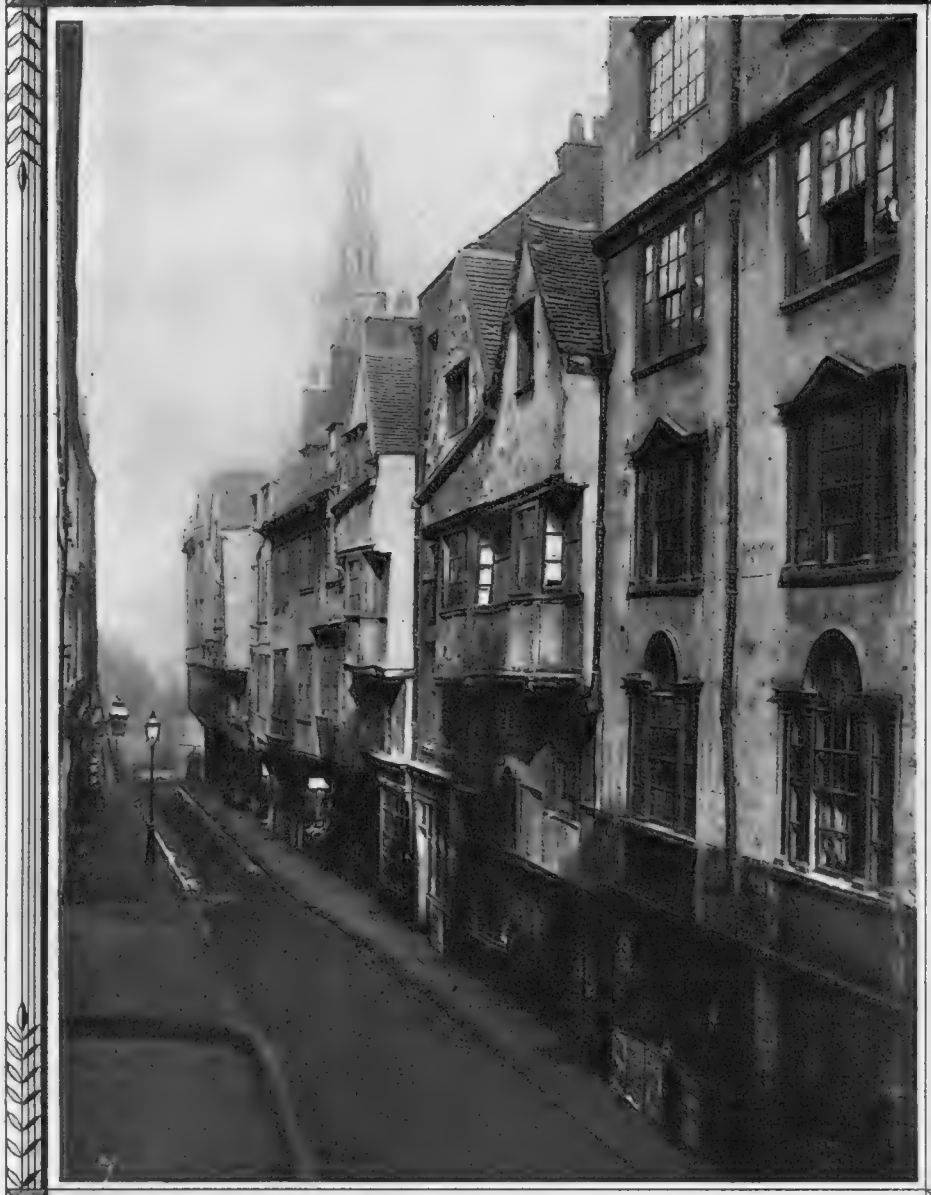
One of the first joys of Christmas was making the Christmas puddings. The housewife who bought a ready-made pudding was despised. They had to be home-made. There was no shortage of the ingredients, the grocers fell over themselves to supply them. Puddings were mixed in a vast earthenware receptacle—usually it held bread—and how entrancing that mixing was! Everyone in the family took a stir—it brought luck. In went the suet, which was to be had in quantities then, the currants, the sultanas, the raisins, the candied peel, the spices, the chopped almonds, the dozen or so eggs—eggs were twelve a shilling, as many as you wanted—and a big libation of brandy was added. Poorer people mixed with beer or stout, but brandy was used by the middle and upper classes. You stirred and you wished. The children ate as much of the fruit as they liked, they stuffed themselves and made no impression on the abundance at all. Little souvenirs were added, tiny charms, sixpences, threepenny pieces (made of real silver then) which sometimes got swallowed and which sometimes broke a tooth, but nobody cared. It was Christmas.

The shops bulged with food. Whole curtains of turkeys hung on the open fronts, with geese and

(*Concluded on page* 46)



BYGONE LONDON



OLD HOUSES IN WYCH STREET

The tower of the church of St. Clement Danes may be seen above these early seventeenth-century houses in Wych Street, which was a continuation of Drury Lane. The historic photographs on this page, taken from the Gernsheim Collection, were made in the 1870's by Henry Dixon for the Society for Photographing the Relics of Old London.

TEMPLE BAR IN 1878

This photograph was taken shortly before Temple Bar was dismantled because it had become a serious obstacle to traffic. After being taken down, it lay in pieces in a yard in Farringdon Road until Sir Henry Bruce Meux had it re-erected at Theobald's Park.

On right—

THE OXFORD ARMS INN

This fine example of a galleried inn, which stood in Warwick Lane, was demolished in 1878. The photograph was taken from an upper window in the Old Bailey in 1875, and shows St. Paul's Cathedral in the background.

L.S.H.

"I am haunted by a ghost. . . . My Ghost is the ghost of a Bedroom Candlestick."

BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG

A little-known story by Wilkie Collins

Victorian master of the dramatic

I HAVE an alarming confession to make. I am haunted by a ghost.

If you were to guess for a hundred years, you would never guess what my ghost is. I shall make you laugh to begin with—and afterwards I shall make your flesh creep. My Ghost is the ghost of a Bedroom Candlestick.

Yes, a bedroom candlestick and candle, or a flat candlestick and candle—put it which way you like—that is what haunts me. I wish it was something pleasanter and more out of the common way; a beautiful lady, or a mine of gold and silver, or a cellar of wine and a coach and horses, and such-like. But, being what it is, I must take it for what it is, and make the best of it—and I shall thank you kindly if you will help me out by doing the same.

I am not a scholar myself; but I make bold to believe that the haunting of any man with anything under the sun begins with the frightening of him. At any rate, the haunting of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle began with the frightening of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle—the frightening of me half out of my life; and, for the time being, the frightening of me altogether out of my wits. That is not a very pleasant thing to confess, before stating the particulars; but perhaps you will be the readier to believe that I am not a downright coward, because you find me bold enough to make a clean breast of it already—to my own great disadvantage, so far.

Here are the particulars, as well as I can put them:—

I was apprenticed to the sea when I was about as tall as my own walking-stick; and I made good enough use of my time to be fit for a mate's berth at the age of twenty-five years.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and eighteen, or nineteen, I am not quite certain which, that I reached the before-mentioned age of twenty-five. You will please to excuse my memory not being very good for dates, names, numbers, places, and such-like. No fear, though, about the particulars I have undertaken to tell you of; I have got them all ship-shape in my recollection; I can see them, at this moment, as clear as noonday in my own mind. But there is a mist over what went before, and, for the matter of that, a mist likewise over much that came after—and it 's not very likely to lift at my time of life, is it?

Well, in eighteen hundred and eighteen, or nineteen, when there was peace in our part of the world—and not before it was wanted, you will say—there was fighting, of a certain scampering, scrambling kind, going on in that old battle-field, which we seafaring men know by the name of the Spanish Main.

The possessions that belonged to the Spaniards in South America had broken into open mutiny and declared for themselves years before. There was plenty of bloodshed between the new Government and the old; but the new one had got the best of it, for the most part, under one General Bolivar—a famous man in his time, though he seems to have dropped out of people's memories now. Englishmen and Irishmen with a turn for fighting, and nothing particular to do at home, joined the General as volunteers; and some of our merchants here found it a good venture to send supplies across the ocean to the popular side. There was risk enough, of course, in doing this; but where one speculation of the kind succeeded, it made up for two, at the least, that failed. And that 's the true principle of trade, wherever I have met with it, all the world over.

(Continued on following page)

Among the Englishmen who were concerned in this Spanish-American business, I, your humble servant, happened in a small way to be one.

I was then mate of a brig belonging to a certain firm in the City, which drove a sort of general trade, mostly in queer, out-of-the-way places, as far from home as possible; and which freighted the brig, in the year I am speaking of, with a cargo of gunpowder for General Bolivar and his volunteers. Nobody knew anything about our instructions, when we sailed, except the captain; and he didn't half seem to like them. I can't rightly say how many barrels of powder we had on board, or how much each barrel held—I only know we had no other cargo. The name of the brig was the *Good Intent*—a queer name enough, you will tell me, for a vessel laden with gunpowder, and sent to help a revolution. And as far as this particular voyage was concerned, so it was. I mean that for a joke, and I hope you will encourage me by laughing at it.

The *Good Intent* was the craziest old tub of a vessel I ever went to sea in, and the worst found in all respects. She was two hundred and thirty or two hundred and eighty tons burden, I forget which; and she had a crew of eight, all told—nothing like as many as we ought by rights to have had to work the brig. However, we were well and honestly paid our wages; and we had to set that against the chance of foundering at sea, and, on this occasion, likewise, the chance of being blown up into the bargain.

In consideration of the nature of our cargo we were harassed with new regulations which we didn't like at all, relative to smoking our pipes and lighting our lanterns; and, as usual in such cases, the captain who made the regulations preached what he didn't practise. Not a man of us was allowed to have a bit of lighted candle in his hand when he went below—except the skipper; and he used his light, when he turned in, or when he looked over his charts on the cabin table, just as usual.

This light was a common kitchen candle or "dip," and it stood in an old battered flat candlestick, with all the japan worn and melted off, and all the tin showing through. It would have been more seaman-like and suitable in every respect if he had had a lamp or a lantern; but he stuck to his old candlestick, and that same old candlestick has ever afterwards stuck to *me*. That's another joke, if you please, and a better one than the first, in my opinion.

Well (I said "well" before, but it's a word that helps a man on like), we sailed in the brig, and shaped our course first for the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies; and, after sighting them, we made for the Leeward Islands next; and then stood on due south, till the look-out at the mast-head hailed the deck, and said he saw land. That land was the coast of South America. We had had a wonderful voyage so far. We had lost none of our spars or sails, and not a man of us had been harassed to death at the pumps. It wasn't often the *Good Intent* made such a voyage as that, I can tell you.

"I heard the sweeps of the schooner fall into the water—

Illustrations by F. Middlehurst, A.R.E., A.R.C.A.

(Continued from previous page)

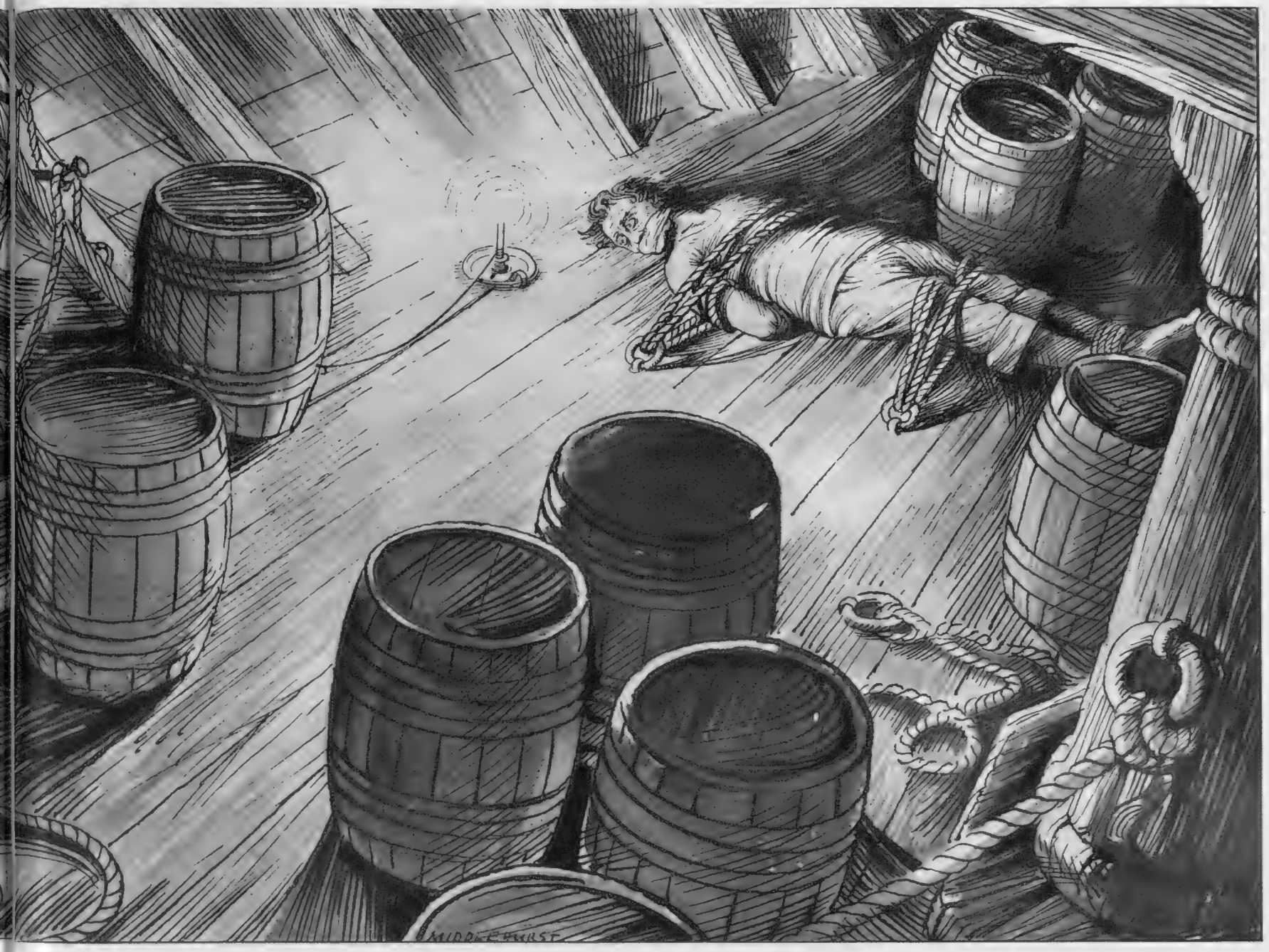
"—he came, from time to time, with his lantern, to have another look at me . . ."

I was sent aloft to make sure about the land, and I did make sure of it.

When I reported the same to the skipper, he went below, and had a look at his letter of instructions and the chart. When he came on deck again, he altered our course a trifle to the eastward—I forget the point on the compass, but that don't matter. What I do remember is, that it was dark before we closed in with the land. We kept the lead going, and hove the brig to in from four to five fathoms water, or it might be six—I can't say for certain. I kept a sharp eye to the drift of the vessel, none of us knowing how the currents ran on that coast. We all wondered why the skipper didn't anchor; but he said, No, he must first show a light at the fore-top mast-head, and wait for an answering light on shore. We did wait, and nothing of the sort appeared. It was starlight and calm. What little wind there was came in puffs off the land. I suppose we waited, drifting a little to the westward, as I made out, best part of an hour before anything happened—and then, instead of seeing the light on shore, we saw a boat coming towards us, rowed by two men only.

We hailed them, and they answered "Friends!" and hailed us by our name. They came on board. One of them was an Irishman, and the other was a coffee-coloured native pilot, who jabbered a little English.

The Irishman handed a note to our skipper, who showed it to me. It informed us that the part of the coast we were off was not over-safe for



splash! splash! fainter and fainter. . . . While those sounds were in my ears, my eyes were fixed on the candle."

discharging our cargo, seeing that spies of the enemy (that is to say, of the old Government) had been taken and shot in the neighbourhood the day before. We might trust the brig to the native pilot; and he had his instructions to take us to another part of the coast. The note was signed by the proper parties, so we let the Irishman go back alone in the boat, and allowed the pilot to exercise his lawful authority over the brig. He kept us stretching off from the land till noon the next day—his instructions, seemingly, ordering him to keep us well out of sight of the shore. We only altered our course in the afternoon, so as to close in with the land again a little before midnight.

This same pilot was about as ill-looking a vagabond as ever I saw; a skinny, cowardly, quarrelsome mongrel, who swore at the men, in the vilest broken English, till they were every one of them ready to pitch him overboard. The skipper kept them quiet, and I kept them quiet, for, the pilot being given us by our instructions, we were bound to make the best of him. Near nightfall, however, with the best will in the world to avoid it, I was unlucky enough to quarrel with him.

He wanted to go below with his pipe, and I stopped him, of course, because it was contrary to orders. Upon that, he tried to hustle by me, and I put him away with my hand. I never meant to push him down; but somehow I did. He picked himself up as quick as lightning, and pulled out his knife. I snatched it out of his hand, slapped his murderous face for him, and threw his weapon overboard. He gave me one ugly look, and walked aft. I didn't think much of the look then; but I remembered it a little too well afterwards.

We were close in with the land again, just as the wind failed us, between eleven and twelve that night. We dropped our anchor by the pilot's directions.

It was pitch dark, and a dead airless calm. The skipper was on deck with two of our best men for watch. The rest were below, except the pilot, who coiled himself up more like a snake than a man, on the forecastle. It was not my watch till four in the morning. But I didn't like the look of the night, or the pilot, or the state of things generally, and I shook myself down on deck to get my nap there, and be ready for anything at a moment's notice. The last I remember was the skipper whispering to me that he didn't like the look of things either, and that he would go below and consult his instructions again. That is the last I remember, before the slow, heavy, regular roll of the old brig on the ground swell rocked me off to sleep.

I was awoke by a scuffle on the forecastle, and a gag in my mouth. There was a man on my breast, and a man on my legs; and I was bound hand and foot in half a minute.

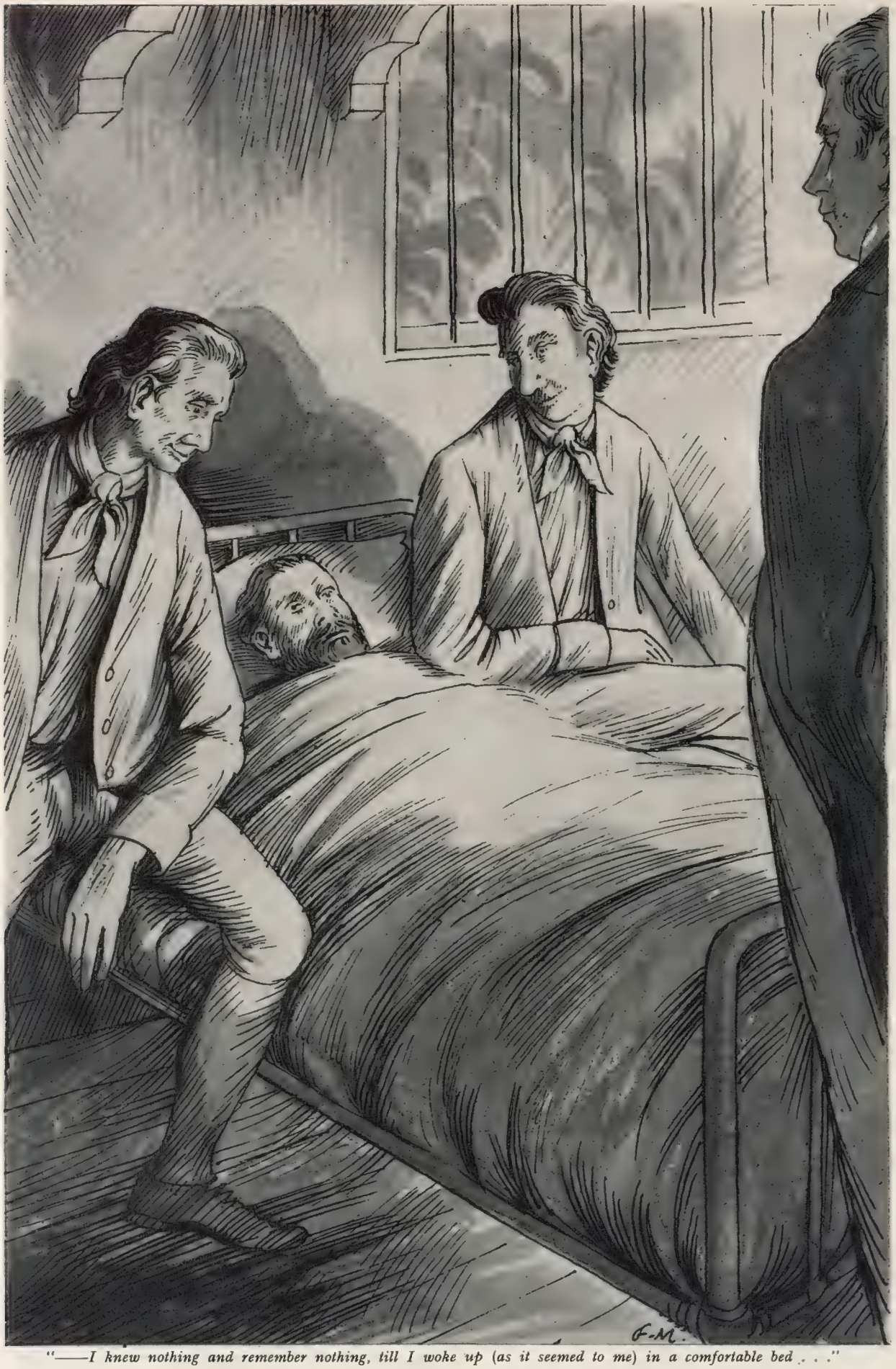
The brig was in the hands of the Spaniards. They were swarming all over her. I heard six heavy splashes in the water, one after another. I saw the captain stabbed to the heart as he came running up the companion—and I heard a seventh splash in the water. Except myself, every soul of us on board had been murdered and thrown into the sea. Why I was left, I couldn't think, till I saw the pilot stoop over me with the lantern, and look, to make sure who I was. There was a devilish grin on his face, and he nodded his head at me, as much as to say, *You* were the man who hustled me down and slapped my face, and I mean to play the game of cat and mouse with you in return for it!

I could neither move nor speak; but I could see the Spaniards take off the main hatch and rig the purchases for getting up the cargo. A quarter of an hour afterwards I heard the sweeps of a schooner, or other small vessel, in the water. The strange craft was laid alongside of us; and the Spaniards set to work to discharge our cargo into her. They all worked hard except the pilot; and he came, from time to time, with his lantern, to have another look at me, and to grin and nod always in the same devilish way. I am old enough now not to be ashamed of confessing the truth; and I don't mind acknowledging that the pilot frightened me.

The fright, and the bonds, and the gag, and the not being able to stir hand or foot, had pretty nigh worn

"—slow-matches hanging in bunches all round her face . . ."

(Continued on following page)



"——I knew nothing and remember nothing, till I woke up (as it seemed to me) in a comfortable bed . . ."

(*Continued from previous page*)

me out, by the time the Spaniards gave over work. This was just as the dawn broke. They had shifted good part of our cargo on board their vessel, but nothing like all of it; and they were sharp enough to be off with what they had got, before daylight.

I need hardly say that I had made up my mind, by this time, to the worst I could think of. The pilot, it was clear enough, was one of the spies of the enemy, who had wormed himself into the confidence of our consignees without being suspected. He, or more likely his employers, had got knowledge enough of us to suspect what our cargo was; we had been anchored for the night in the safest berth for them to surprise us in; and we had paid the penalty of having a small crew, and consequently an insufficient watch. All this was clear enough—but what did the pilot mean to do with *me*?

On the word of a man, it makes my flesh creep now, only to tell you what he did with me.

After all the rest of them were out of the brig, except the pilot and two Spanish seamen, these last took me up, bound and gagged as I was, lowered me into the hold of the vessel, and laid me along on the floor; lashing me to it with ropes' ends, so that I could just turn from one side to the other, but could not roll myself fairly over, so as to change my place. They then left me. Both of them were the worse for liquor; but the devil of a pilot was sober—mind that! as sober as I am at the present moment.

I lay in the dark for a little while, with my heart thumping as if it was going to jump out of me. I lay about five minutes or so, when the pilot came down into the hold alone.

He had the captain's cursed flat candlestick and a carpenter's awl in one hand, and a long thin twist of cotton yarn, well oiled, in the other. He put the candlestick, with a new "dip" candle lighted in it, down on the floor, about two feet from my face, and close against the side of the vessel. The light was feeble enough; but it was sufficient to show a dozen barrels of gunpowder or more, left all round me in the hold of the brig. I began to suspect what he was after, the moment I noticed the barrels. The horrors laid hold of me from head to foot; and the sweat poured off my face like water.

I saw him go next to one of the barrels of powder standing against the side of the vessel, in a line with the candle, and about three feet, or rather better, away from it. He bored a hole in the side of the barrel with his awl, and the horrid powder came trickling out, as black as hell, and dripped into the hollow of his hand, which he held to catch it. When he had got a good handful, he stopped up the hole by jamming one end of his oiled twist of cotton-yarn fast into it; and he then rubbed the powder into the whole length of the yarn, till he had blackened every hairsbreadth of it.

The next thing he did—as true as I sit here, as true as the heaven above us all—the next thing he did was to carry the free end of his long, lean, black, frightful slow-match to the lighted candle alongside my face. He tied it (the bloody-minded villain!) in several folds round the tallow dip, about a third of the distance down, measuring from the flame of the wick to the lip of the candlestick. He did that; he looked to see that my lashings were all safe; and then he put his face down close to mine, and whispered in my ear, "Blow up with the brig!"

He was on deck again the moment after; and he and the two others shoved the hatch on over me. At the farthest end from where I lay, they had not fitted it down quite true, and I saw a blink of daylight glimmering in when I looked in that direction. I heard the sweeps of the schooner fall into the water—splash! splash! fainter and fainter, as they swept the vessel out in the dead calm, to be ready for the wind in the offing. Fainter and fainter; splash! splash! for a quarter of an hour or more.

While those sounds were in my ears, my eyes were fixed on the candle.

It had been freshly lit—if left to itself it would burn for between six and seven hours. The slow-match was twisted round it about a third of the way down; and therefore the flame would be about two hours reaching it. There I lay, gagged, bound, lashed to the floor; seeing my own life burning down with the candle by my side—there I lay, alone on the sea, doomed to be blown to atoms, and to see that doom drawing on, nearer and nearer with every fresh second of time, through nigh on two hours to come; powerless to help myself, and speechless to call for help to others. The wonder to me is that I didn't cheat the flame, the slow-match, and the powder, and die of the horror of my situation before my first half-hour was out in the hold of the brig.

I can't exactly say how long I kept the command of my senses after I had ceased to hear the splash of the schooner's sweeps in the water. I can trace back everything I did and everything I thought, up to a certain point; but, once past that, I get all abroad, and lose myself in my memory now, much as I lost myself in my own feelings at the time.

The moment the hatch was covered over me I began, as every other man would have begun in my place, with a frantic effort to free my hands. In the mad panic I was in, I cut my flesh with the lashings as if they had been knife-blades; but I never stirred them. There was less chance still of freeing my legs, or of tearing myself from the fastenings that held me to the floor. I gave in, when I was all but suffocated for want of breath. The gag, you will please to remember, was a terrible enemy to me; I could only breathe freely through my nose—and that is but a poor vent when a man is straining his strength as far as ever it will go.

I gave in, and lay quiet, and got my breath again; my eyes glaring and straining at the candle all the time.

While I was staring at it, the notion struck me of trying to blow out the flame by pumping a long breath at it suddenly through my nostrils. It was too high above me, and too far away from me, to be reached in that fashion. I tried, and tried, and tried—and then I gave in again and lay quiet again; always with my eyes glaring at the candle, and the candle glaring at *me*.

(*Continued on page 42*)

DEWAR'S "White Label" SCOTCH WHISKY

Scotch Whisky is the finest drink in the world

BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG!

(*Continued from page* 40)

The splash of the schooner's sweeps was very faint by this time. I could only just hear them in the morning stillness: Splash! splash!—fainter and fainter—splash! splash!

Without exactly feeling my mind going, I began to feel it getting queer, as early as this. The snuff of the candle was growing taller and taller, and the length of tallow between the flame and the slow-match, which was the length of my life, was getting shorter and shorter. I calculated that I had rather less than an hour and a half to live.

An hour and a half! Was there a chance, in that time, of a boat pulling off to the brig from shore? Whether the land near which the vessel was anchored was in possession of our side, or in possession of the enemy's side, I made out that they must, sooner or later, send to hail the brig merely because she was a stranger in those parts. The question for *me* was, how soon? If I had had six hours to live, there might have been a chance for me, reckoning from sunrise to noon. But with an hour and a half, which had dwindled to an hour and a quarter by this time—or, in other words, with the earliness of the morning, the uninhabited coast, and the dead calm all against me—there was not the ghost of a chance. As I felt that, I had another struggle—the last—with my bonds; and only cut myself the deeper for my pains.

I gave in once more, and lay quiet, and listened for the splash of the sweeps.

Gone! Not a sound could I hear but the blowing of a fish, now and then, on the surface of the sea, and the creak of the brig's crazy old spars, as she rolled gently from side to side with the little swell there was on the quiet water.

An hour and a quarter. The wick grew terribly as the quarter slipped away; and the charred top of it began to thicken and spread out mushroom-shape. It would fall off soon. Would it fall off red-hot, and would the swing of the brig cant it over the side of the candle, and let it down on the slow-match? If it would, I had about ten minutes to live instead of an hour.

This discovery set my mind for a minute on a new tack altogether. I began to ponder with myself what sort of a death blowing-up might be. Painful? Well, it would be, surely, too sudden for that. Perhaps just one crash, inside me, or outside me, or both, and nothing more? Perhaps not even a crash: that and death, and the scattering of this living body of mine into millions of fiery sparks, might all happen in the same instant! I couldn't make it out; I couldn't settle how it would be. The minute of calmness in my mind left it, before I had half done thinking; and I got all abroad again.

When I came back to my thoughts, or when they came back to me (I can't say which), the wick was awfully tall, the flame was burning with a smoke above it, the charred top was broad and red, and heavily spreading out to its fall.

My despair and horror at seeing it took me in a new way, which was good and right, at any rate, for my poor soul. I tried to pray; in my own heart, you will understand, for the gag put all lip-praying out of my power. I tried, but the candle seemed to burn it up in me. I struggled hard to force my eyes from the slow, murdering flame, and to look up through the chink in the hatch at the blessed daylight. I tried once, tried twice; and gave it up. I tried next only to shut my eyes and keep them shut—once—twice—and the second time I did it. "God bless old mother, and sister Lizzie; God keep them both, and forgive *me*." That was all I had time to say, in my own heart, before my eyes opened again, in spite of me, and the flame of the candle flew into them, flew all over me, and burnt up the rest of my thoughts in an instant.

I couldn't hear the fish blowing now; I couldn't hear the creak of the spars; I couldn't think; I couldn't feel the sweat of my own death agony on my face—I could only look at the heavy, charred top of the wick. It swelled, tottered, bent over to one side, dropped—red hot at the moment of its fall—black and harmless, even before the swing of the brig had canted it over into the bottom of the candlestick.

I caught myself laughing.

Yes! laughing at the safe fall of the bit of wick. But for the gag I should have screamed with laughing. As it was, I shook with it inside me—shook till the blood was in my head, and I was all but suffocated for want of breath. I had just sense enough left to feel that my own horrid laughter, at that awful moment, was a sign of my brain going at last. I had just sense enough left to make another struggle before my mind broke loose like a frightened horse, and ran away with me.

One comforting look at the blink of daylight through the hatch was what I tried for once more. The fight to force my eyes from the candle and to get that one look at the daylight, was the hardest I had had yet; and I lost the fight. The flame had hold of my eyes as fast as the lashings had hold of my hands. I couldn't look away from it. I couldn't even shut my eyes, when I tried that

THE MASTER OF SENSATION

A cartoon of Wilkie Collins by Adriano Cecioni, which originally appeared in *Vanity Fair* in February 1872, and which is reproduced by permission of The Bodley Head who used it as the frontispiece to Kenneth Robinson's biography of Wilkie Collins, which they published last year.

next, for the second time. There was the wick growing tall once more! There was the space of unburnt candle between the light and the slow-match shortened to an inch or less!

How much life did that inch leave me? Three-quarters of an hour? Half an hour? Fifty minutes? Twenty minutes? Steady! an inch of tallow candle would burn longer than twenty minutes. An inch of tallow! the notion of a man's body and soul being kept together by an inch of tallow! Wonderful! Why, the greatest king that sits on a throne can't keep a man's body and soul together; and here's an inch of tallow that can do what the king can't! There's something to tell mother, when I get home, which will surprise her more than all the rest of my voyages put together. I laughed inwardly, again, at the thought of that; and shook and swelled and suffocated myself, till the light of the candle leaped in through my eyes and licked up the laughter, and burnt it out of me, and made me all empty, and cold, and quiet once more.

Mother and Lizzie. I don't know when they came back; but they did come back—not, as it seemed to me, into my mind this time; but right down bodily before me, in the hold of the brig.

Yes: sure enough, there was Lizzie, just as light-hearted as usual, laughing at me. Laughing! Well, why not? Who is to blame Lizzie for thinking I'm lying on my back, drunk in the cellar, with the beer barrels all round me? Steady! she's crying now—spinning round and round in a fiery mist, wringing her hands, screeching out for help—fainter and fainter, like the splash of the schooner's sweeps. Gone!—burnt up in the fiery mist. Mist? fire? no: neither one nor the other. It's mother makes the light—mother knitting, with ten flaming points at the ends of her fingers and thumbs, and slow-matches hanging in bunches all round her face instead of her own grey hair. Mother in her old arm-chair, and the pilot's long skinny hands hanging over the back of the chair, dripping with gunpowder. No; no gunpowder, no chair, no mother—nothing but the pilot's face, shining red hot, like a sun, in the fiery mist; turning upside down in the fiery mist; running backwards and forwards along the slow-match, in the fiery mist; spinning millions of miles in a minute, in the fiery mist—spinning itself smaller and smaller into one tiny point, and that point darting on a sudden straight into my head—and then, all fire and all mist—no hearing, no seeing, no thinking, no feeling—the brig, the sea, my own self, the whole world, all gone together!

After what I've just told you, I know nothing and remember nothing, till I woke up (as it seemed to me) in a comfortable bed, with two rough and ready men like myself sitting on each side of my pillow, and a gentleman standing watching me at the foot of the bed. It was about seven in the morning. My sleep (or what seemed like my sleep to me) had lasted better than eight months—I was among my own countrymen in the island of Trinidad—the men at each side of my pillow were my keepers, turn and turn about—and the gentleman standing at the foot of the bed was the doctor. What I said and did in those eight months, I never have known and never shall. I woke out of it, as if it had been one long sleep—that's all I know.

It was another two months or more before the doctor thought it safe to answer the questions I asked him.

The brig had been anchored, just as I had supposed, off a part of the coast which was lonely enough to make the Spaniards pretty sure of no interruption, so long as they managed their murderous work quietly under cover of night.

My life had not been saved from the shore, but from the sea. An American vessel, becalmed in the offing, had made out the brig as the sun rose; and the captain, having his time on his hands in consequence of the calm, and seeing a vessel anchored where no vessel had any reason to be, had manned one of his boats and sent his mate with it, to look a little closer into the matter, and bring back a report of what he saw.

What he saw, when he and his men found the brig deserted and boarded her, was a gleam of candlelight through the chink in the hatchway. The flame was within about a thread's breadth of the slow-match when he lowered himself into the hold: and if he had not had the sense and coolness to cut the match in two with his knife, before he touched the candle, he and his men might have been blown up along with the brig, as well as me. The match caught and turned into sputtering red fire, in the very act of putting the candle out; and if the communication with the powder barrel had not been cut off, the Lord only knows what might have happened.

What became of the Spanish schooner and the pilot I have never heard from that day to this.

As for the brig, the Yankees took her, as they took me, to Trinidad, and claimed their salvage, and got it, I hope, for their own sakes. I was landed just in the same state as when they rescued me from the brig—that is to say, clean out of my senses. But, please to remember it was a long time ago; and, take my word for it, I was discharged cured, as I have told you. Bless your hearts, I'm all right now, as you may see. I'm a little shaken by telling the story, as is only natural—a little shaken, my good friends, that's all.

A Happy Christmas and
a Prosperous New Year from

McVITIE & PRICE
LIMITED

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

"UP IN THE AIR"

(*Continued from page 25*)

balloons that carried out the first bombing raid in history in 1849. The Austrians, using time-fused bombs, sent these aerostats to attack Venice. Luckily they only frightened the inhabitants and killed nobody. But they were unwittingly the prophets of destruction. For in the recent World War the Japanese did exactly the same thing, using ingeniously controlled hydrogen balloons, which they sent to drift across the Pacific Ocean to bomb the American coast. Again, luckily, they did next to no damage.

For entertainment a large number of balloons floated through the sky, and many a celebration had its balloon ascent with or without fireworks; they were always popular with the crowds.

For science the early balloons were not much use, but some courageous pilots took their sphericals up to great heights to get data of various kinds. Sometimes they came back alive after perilous hours in the upper air; sometimes they went too high and came back dead.

But it was science that prompted the most extraordinary flight of the century and the most mysterious. For in 1897 the Swedish explorer Andrée set off in a balloon with two companions to fly the North Pole. They sent a few routine messages back by means of pigeons and corked-up bottles; then silence; they had presumably disappeared for ever. But in 1930, a small routine expedition sent a freshwater party ashore on White Island, Franz Joseph Land, and because of an exceptional thaw they noticed a piece of wood jutting through the ice. They had stumbled upon the whole Andrée expedition lying just beneath the surface. Not only was their equipment in perfect order—ink in their fountain pens, letters and diaries intact, and paraffin in the Primus stoves—but they discovered some packs of undeveloped film. These were, by a miracle of care and cleverness, developed and printed and showed the tragedy of 33 years before. The proud balloon had been brought down on the ice by the one contingency Andrée never thought of—constant freezing of mist on the envelope, which became too heavy for the gas-bag to lift.

In the Edwardian heyday ballooning became a great rich man's sport again. But the aeroplane had just been born and was destined to oust the charming spherical balloon from the stage except for a few enthusiasts who to this day fly them for sport; and for the scientists who send up instrument-carrying balloons every day of the year for meteorological data. But one outstanding flight must be mentioned, that of two American officers in 1935. For they went up in their helium-filled balloon Explorer II (Explorer I had burst and nearly killed them) to the greatest height ever attained by man—until last year—a height of 13·7 miles.

We can only mention the dirigible airship in passing, although it must be mentioned with respect. After every conceivable effort to propel balloons (both round and elongated), including the delightful suggestion of bird traction, the first feasible airship was flown by the Frenchman Giffard in 1852, and the first successful vessel by two other Frenchmen, Renard and Krebs, in 1884. The ominous aerial sausages invented by Count Zeppelin first flew in 1900 and had both an honourable and dishonourable career right up to the terrible tragedy of the peaceful passenger ship Hindenburg, which mysteriously burst into flames when landing at Lakehurst, in America, in 1937.

The flying machine as we know it, the 1,000-mile-an-hour rocket research plane, or the more sedate Stratocruiser, have an equally romantic history. For they derive from the bird and man's inherent envy of such creatures that can naturally navigate the air. We have mentioned the tower-jumpers and flapping adventurers who suddenly saw their laurels snatched from them by those great silent spheres filled with gas or hot air. The aviators had a long time to wait before they themselves got properly into the air. But it was in 1848 that hope first really blossomed, although that remarkably shrewd English baronet Sir George Cayley had already flown his fine toy glider in 1804. The incident which occurred in 1848 was the flight of the first successful powered aeroplane of all time, a large model monoplane driven by a steam engine and two propellers, which flew at the little village of Chard, in Somerset. It was built by J. Stringfellow and was based on the failure of his own and W. S. Henson's efforts in 1843.

But the world took little notice of this most prophetic event. There followed more than 50 years of ingenious but unsuccessful experimentation. There were wonderful flying models by Du Temple, Pénaud, Tatin and others; and a single bold brave try by an old French sea-captain named Le Bris—who just became airborne (1855-57) in a lumbering craft he had built to imitate an albatross, and in which he made floundering glides without power.

But in 1890 a remarkable German, Otto Lilienthal, made the first of his gliders and really felt the air on his wings. He was the first successful aviator, that is to say, a man upheld by wings, and he made a wonderful series of glides from an artificially constructed hill from 1890 to 1896 when he was killed trying out a new set of controls. He showed what wings could do. Someone now had to get an engine installed, along with a human pilot; they had to take off, fly under power, and land.

By this time the competitors were in full cry. For another German, Otto, had invented his four-stroke petrol engine in 1876, but no one had managed to apply it to aeroplanes. But in 1896 the great American scientist Langley had made a really successful petrol-driven model which could fly up to 3,200 feet at the comfortable speed of 30 miles an hour. He was determined to fly a man-carrying version and nearly succeeded. Failure dogged him. Twice his full-sized "aerodrome" (as he called it) crashed into the Potomac River from its house-boat launching site during 1903. Then the Government lost interest financially, and Langley had to give up.

It was two men of a very different stamp who finally conquered the air; two bicycle makers of Dayton, Ohio, called Wilbur and Orville Wright. They were men of fine character, indefatigable energy and astonishing determination. Where other men made ten experiments, they made a hundred; where other men merely wondered if something could be done, they got down to the problem and tried it, no matter how great the difficulties. In 1900 they built their first man-carrying glider, and with it and its successors there followed three years of feverish activity. At last, into one of their gliders they fitted a petrol engine not only designed, but built, by themselves. Then on December 17th, 1903, on the bleak sand-dunes of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the miracle occurred. With Orville Wright lying full length on the wing, with their two chain-driven propellers whirling round behind, the release was pulled and the strange contraption of wire and wood went clattering off into the wind and, for just twelve seconds, a human being made a powered, sustained and controlled flight in an aeroplane for the first time in history. In these bleak and lonely surroundings, witnessed by a few men from the local coastguard station, a dog and (mercifully) a well-aimed camera, the air age came stuttering in at thirty miles an hour; an age which was to produce, in under fifty years, an astonishing vehicle in which human beings can travel even faster than the sound it makes in moving.

A FAMOUS BUT NOT FATAL BALLOON CRASH OF THE 19TH CENTURY

Balloons have always been the safest of flying vehicles, but occasionally they have come to grief, generally owing to their occupants' mistakes. One of the most publicised, but not fatal, accidents occurred when Mr. and Mrs. Graham crashed their fine balloon into Colonel North's house—16, Arlington Street, Piccadilly—on the quiet Monday evening of June 16th, 1851. The balloon was injured and so were the passengers, and the house was damaged to the extent of £300. It was bad luck all round, but it makes a charming scene, with Buckingham Palace in the background.

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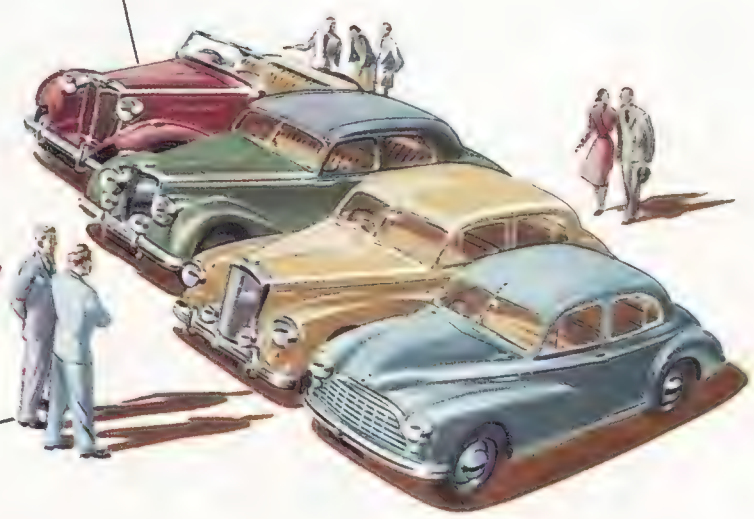

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A GOLDEN CHRISTMAS

(*Continued from page 35*)

pheasants as makeweights—some people liked a goose for Christmas better than a turkey, and there were plenty. Butchers displayed huge masses of rich meat which had once formed part of prize-winning beasts at the Cattle Show—it was English meat—there was a bewildering assortment of food of all kinds. Poorer people had pork for their Christmas dinner—but many got turkeys, for reasons to be disclosed. Indeed, the housewife had no worries about shopping. She did not order too soon—there were no "fridges" then. But she left nothing to chance, she always over-ordered, to avoid the domestic disgrace of running short. And on Christmas Eve her husband would come home in a cab, full of the Spirit of Christmas himself, laden with parcels and as a rule, two or three extra turkeys, a brace or so of pheasants, boxes of cigars, bottles of whisky, brandy and all sorts of wines, sent to him as Christmas Boxes by people with whom he did business and to whom he had sent Christmas Boxes too. By the way, there were plenty of cigars—cheap and good, too. And let it be noted here that tradespeople gave their customers Christmas Boxes, they did indeed. How times have changed! The children certainly anticipated Christmas. They believed in Santa Claus, and they prayed to him for the gifts they wanted—Nannies and Mummies took careful note of those prayers and within reason Santa Claus never lost his standard of omnipotence. By mid-bran pies, into which small hands were plunged, after escorting adults had disgorged threepence—and again enticing parcels were carried off—which seldom came up to expectations on being opened at home but which were always cheap at the price paid. The joy of it all was the excitement, the surprise, the suspense. And real Christmas had yet to come. . . .

Children went to bed on Christmas Eve in a state of turmoil. Stockings were suspended—some of the more enterprising or greedy hung up pillow cases as a gentle hint. They were all sure they would never sleep, they simply must stay awake to see Santa—but they never did. But what of that? He always came, and when they awakened to the overwhelming happiness of Christmas Day itself—there were the presents as proof, in all the luxuriance of the times.

The whole morning was complete joy because of the presents—those toys then had to last until a birthday was celebrated—and over all the pleasure was the anticipation of Christmas Dinner.

In the days of the Golden Christmas the dinner was a family feast. All the members of the family converged on the one best able, by houseroom and bank balance, to receive them. Arrivals went on all through the morning, all bearing gifts which occasioned excitement and squeaks of joy. The servants were not forgotten and reaped a rich harvest of half-crowns and crown pieces, real money then. They did well, for they along with the poorer relations received the surplus turkeys

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PEACE AND PLENTY IN VICTORIAN DAYS

Billingsgate Market (signed and dated 1861), by George Elgar Hicks, celebrated for his paintings in the manner of Frith.

December the children were getting to fever heat. By the time the school holidays arrived—about December 18—they were boiling over. Then, for them, Christmas really began. They were taken out shopping. The big stores all had Christmas Bazaars. Here was a children's Paradise. They saw masses of toys such as their eyes had never beheld before. Novelties were then kept for the Christmas season and did not appear about mid-summer. The children asked to choose their own presents were giddy with the opportunities before them. Nor was that all. There were special displays in those shops, to which a few coppers gained admission. Every child had to go, of course. They found themselves at the North Pole, where Father Christmas would sell their escorts a promising-looking parcel for threepence or sixpence. Perhaps this sign of commercialism on the part of one who was supposed to exist for the purpose of giving toys away startled some of the children, but it was explained that the free distribution took place on Christmas Eve and it was not reasonable to expect him to do it all the time. Most children are logical minded and that satisfied them. Or you might find yourself sitting in a truck being pushed by "Natives"—who got paler and streakier as the day advanced—through the workings of a gold mine—there was no doubt about the gold (in paper form)—it was every-where. And Father Christmas was there too. He was everywhere—in scenes depicting China, Japan, Holland, a jungle, the bed of the ocean, wherever the man in charge of the affair let his fancy roam. There would be Lucky Dips and also. Hospitality flowed in the right sense of the word. No cocktails, but lots of sherry—and sweets, but nobody wanted to "spoil their dinner". Maybe the housewife felt slight anxiety now and would often pop down to the kitchen. But she had trust in her staff—they never let her down on such occasions. The rich smell of roasting turkey now pervaded the house. Turkeys in those days were not baked, they really were roasted, on things called meatjacks before a blazing fire, which revolved the bird mechanically round and round so that it was literally "done to a turn"—and basted throughout in their own gravy. Those who have never tasted turkey thus cooked have never tasted it at all.

Now it was the hour—it was Dinner Time—most families dined at one or half past, on Christmas Day, largely because of the children. A huge tureen of soup first—tomato, oxtail, what you will. Then a fish course—cod, turbot, halibut with a delicious sauce according to the fish, oyster, shrimp, anchovy. And then—the Turkey. It was brought in—the housemaid who carried it was all smiles—nobly surrounded by its retinue. There were pounds of sausages, full flavoured and made of pork, a fine ham, boiled and steaming, a whole ox tongue—not out of a tin, but boiled too and standing up like a foot with a well arched instep. There was rich luscious stuffing, bread sauce with cloves in it, piles of vegetables, potatoes boiled, roast or mashed, large haricot beans, brussels-sprouts—what you fancied. And to wash it down—well at Christmas time most people ran to champagne, burgundy, claret and white wine. It was all plentiful, good and cheap. And then—the pudding, smelling so good that appetites were renewed—the pudding blazing in a blue fire of brandy. The housewife received compliments on its excellence. A nice piece of Stilton to top off with—and dessert, all sorts of fruit and nuts, dominated by a large pineapple. Crackers—a cup of coffee—and Christmas dinner was over. There was a little somnolence in the afternoon amongst the adults—but not the children, who stuffed sweets and compared gifts. The grown-ups sat round a blazing fire—no coal shortage then. The children discussed their own affairs—the forthcoming visit to the pantomime—an annual crowning joy. They were not surfeited by mechanical amusement then—once a year they went to the Pantomime, lucky ones to Drury Lane itself—others to that at their local theatre. The very lucky ones also went to a circus, Henglers (where the Palladium now stands), the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall, Islington—or if they lived in South London, to Wullf's wonderful circus at the Crystal Palace. There might be a visit to see the real magic supplied by Maskelyne and Cook at the Egyptian Hall, or to the Moore and Burgess Minstrels at the St. James's Hall, just across Piccadilly. The youngsters looked forward to these things, they revelled in them—and they remembered them. That is the best way.

Tea time arrived, lots of it. Hot buttered toast, tea cakes toasted too, swimming in real butter, brown and white bread and butter, currant loaves, jams of every kind, a bewildering array of pastries—and the Christmas Cake, armoured with thick icing inside of which was an inch of marzipan. After tea—games and more crackers. Perhaps a magic lantern—no cinemas then but the lantern lived up to its name. And then—the room was darkened and people spoke only in whispers. Suddenly the door opened, it seemed without human agency. A ghostly white figure, clad in a sheet, glided in, its face looking like the vision in Macbeth as it showed through flickering blue flames of brandy which burned in a large deep dish. This was put upon a table and the fun began. Raisins had to be snatched from the hot, burning liquid—and the ghost—who now turned out to be an Aunt, joined in with the rest. What mattered if fingers got singed! Snap Dragon was glorious fun and the raisins tasted like ambrosia. . . . And then the sleepy, surfeited but protesting children went to bed. Grown-ups settled down to talking and drinking—port, whisky, brandy, madeira, whatever was fancied. Old songs were sung, old feuds forgotten—for the moment—Christmas was a universal armistice in the family. The house was full of happy contentment and security. And then it was supper time. This was served cold: cold turkey, cold ham, cold tongue, cold pheasants, cold fowls, various salads. Cold beef—cold Christmas pudding, mince pies—a lucky month for every one you ate—jellies, blancmanges—on which was poured real cream from the dairy, thick, slow pouring and faintly golden itself in hue—trifles or tipsy cakes which lived up to their name, so full of wine were they. It was over. Cabs, hired broughams arrived—a final drink, kisses under the mistletoe and the happy people went home, feeling the better for it all. They had fed like heroes, but it did them no harm, they were a strong virile race, accustomed to good fare. Good will all round, handshakes, shouted good-byes—another Christmas was over. The host and hostess, tired but satisfied, went up to bed. A glance at the children—all fast asleep, presents strewn around or clasped in little hands—seraphic, secure. And what of the cost, to be reckoned tomorrow? Nobody worried about that. A fiver would cover it—with a couple of pounds thrown in for Christmas Boxes. Golden sovereigns ruled, nobody thought of war, taxation or armaments. It was a golden time—nowadays it is just a Golden Memory.

Under a sky whose colour is a silvery variation on a theme of blue . . . High above the comfortable valley, but still as far as ever from the ancient, lonely peaks . . . . Content for a moment with oneself, with one another and even with all the world . . . . And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN

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THE LOVELINESS OF LOCH KATRINE IN EARLY WINTER

This picture, taken from the Lady's Rock, illustrates Mr. MacGregor's comment that "it has a unique loveliness in winter, when the burns, if not frozen, run garrulously to augment it. It is then that the peaks of Perthshire show their fine contours, and the lochs are stilled, as if under enchantment."

HIGHLAND WINTER:

The Glory of Scotland Under the Snows of Winter

by Alasdair Alpin MacGregor (*Author of Skye & the Inner Hebrides; The Western Isles; The Goat-Wife; Portrait of a Village; etc.*)

Are you not weary in your distant places,
Far, far from Scotland of the mist and storm,
In drowsy airs, the sun-smite on your faces,
The days so long and warm?
When all around you lie the strange fields sleeping,
The dreary woods where no fond memories roam,
Do not your sad hearts over seas come leaping
To the highlands and the lowlands of your Home?

These lines from Neil Munro's celebrated poem, *To Exiles*, carry one irresistibly along the shores of Loch Lomond, through the intervening valley to Loch Long, and round its head, on the way of Half Town of the Lost Pibroch. In winter this is surely one of the loveliest routes in the land. Looking back across Loch Long before one enters Glen Croe, one sees, behind the secluded village of Arrochar, the snow-clad peak of one of the best beloved of all our mountains—Ben Lomond. The snows lie deep upon its highest reaches long after they have vanished from the neighbouring hills.

Travel in the Highlands nowadays is indeed easy in comparison with what it was in pre-railway and pre-petrol days. Yet, even to-day, the road to Half Town of the Lost Pibroch—Inveraray—is arduous in winter, climbing through Glen Croe, in the shadow of the snow-capped Cobbler and other members of the Arrochar Alps, to the base of that bastion up which General Wade's soldiers carried their traverses when the more rebellious parts of Scotland were being brought under Hanoverian control. To-day, as in the time of the Red Coats, one is happy to halt at Rest-and-be-Thankful, just as Wade's soldiers did, more than two centuries ago.

The eastward view down Glen Croe from "The Rest" is glorious at any time, though in summer it is inclined to be obscured a little by haze. Seen in winter, it is unrivalled. Onward, then, toward Half Town of the Lost Pibroch, while the snows lie deep in Glen Kinglas, and the head of Loch Fyne is frozen over. If you arrive there in snow-time, you may hear the bells of Inveraray pealing across these whitened wastes, like the Angelus from some village tucked away in Alpine seclusion. I think that one of the most memorable moments of my life was the occasion upon which I first heard these bells ringing across the snow. That was the wintry day I pressed, alone, on foot, round the head of Loch Fyne toward the old keep of Dundarave, halting by the wayside to kindle in the woods by the shore a wood-fire, enchanted by the aroma of its blue smoke in these snowy surroundings, and by the lovely view of Ardkinglas, on the opposite shore.

Dundarave, this old-time MacNaughton stronghold, is full of history. In summer-time its garden is one of the loveliest in Western Argyll: in early spring its snowdrops and daffodils often push their way through the lingering snows, while the birches in the neighbouring coppices are already hung with catkins like the tassels on ancient upholstery.

There is a road which climbs steeply out of Half Town of the Lost Pibroch to that splendid sheet of water, Loch Awe, overshadowed by the twin peaks of mighty Cruachan. Travelling this road on a wintry day, one may see deer in great herds on every hand. The keen of eye can detect them at great distances, moving down the hillsides in search of food. This reminds me of my very early days at remote Applecross, isolated so completely from the outer world by the Pass of the Cattle, that mountain road so steep and strenuous that it is still used

(*Concluded on page 51*)

THE CLACHLET AND LOCH NA H-ACHLAISE IN ARGYLL

The Clachlet is famous as a deer sanctuary, and deer will often go there when in danger. The photograph, taken from the New Glen Coe Road, shows how the winter snows cause the Clachlet to "stand out with a clarity seldom known in summer."

Napoleon 1er visitant les Caves de Moët & Chandon le 26 Juillet 1807

From an old print

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Christmas Cards

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If sent Jolly Robins (B) show your distaste by sending scientific robin (A). If sent A, suggest with surrealist robin (C), that surely Art has its place. C, in turn can be made to feel out of date with very late Pischwepso (D). To make A, C & D feel absurdly highbrow, all you have to do is send Jolly Robins (B).

from "Passerines of Schweppshire"

A

B

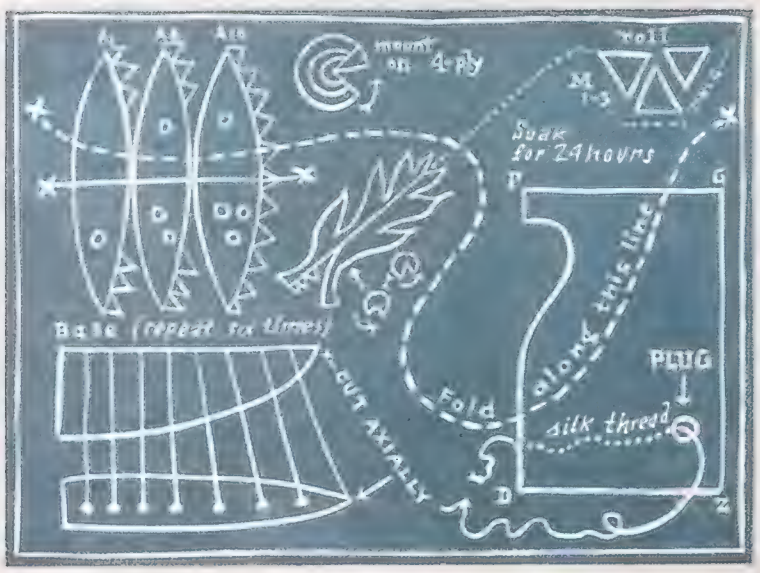
Schwepsador Dulli WINTER SOLSTICE

C

Pischwepso YOUNG ROBIN

D

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK



ROARS OF LAUGHTER from the young and young of heart in 'Post's' new XMAS PUDDING GAME of SPHERING THE SQUARE.

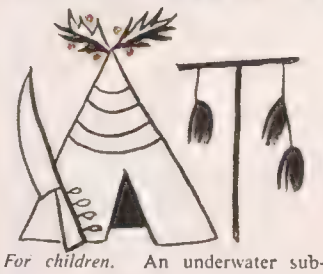
* * *

Cut out this square. Paste it on to a piece of old cardboard or preferably binding paper. Cut neatly along dotted lines, holding point of scissors towards chest and if directions are exactly followed, HEY PRESTO!! and there is your XMAS PUDDING.

* * *

Now for fun and larks. Six or eight young people, preferably of opposite sexes, pick sides. The leader holds pudding on thumb balanced at point D, and when the three girls shout BRANDY SAUCE the boys make a pyramid with their hands and the festive sphere is snatched from one corner to the other of the rectangle of players.

Post's GIFT BOX free to all



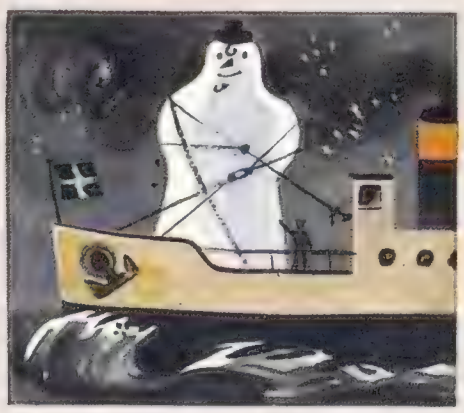
For children. An underwater submarine which explodes at a touch. Complete with realistic imitation atomic anti-submarine gun. Or genuine WIG-WAM (above) with scalping knife and scalps.

yearly subscribers who have sent cheque.

ORIGINAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For grown-ups. Are you a doctor? We will send you a novel NEW ERA two-way rustless schwepposcope.

Iceland tops Norway's GIFT



Norway's generous gift to Schweppshire of a young Christmas Tree for planting in denuded Schwepping Forest has been followed by Iceland's giant duty-free snowman, in the likeness of Disraeli, friend of Scandinavia.

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

HIGHLAND WINTER

(*Continued from page* 48)

for motor reliability tests. The snows of winter, lying several feet deep in the Pass of the Cattle, often make it impossible to reach or to leave Applecross for several consecutive weeks. When the storms of winter prevent the mailboat from calling in the afternoon of each weekday, on her way to Stornoway, the community's isolation is absolute.

After the snows have gone, one may find, among the heather on this wild and lofty land, little heaps of bleached bones. They are the relics of deer that stayed up in the mountains too long, that came down eventually in the hope of finding sustenance, but died among the snows for want of it. Among the Cairngorms, that mountain range so remarkably beautiful in winter, I once saw many such heaps of bones after a winter particularly trying and prolonged.

Travelling in the Highlands at the beginning of the present century, even by train, was by no means without its privations and trials. The railway carriages had nothing in the nature of central heating. Occasionally, a can of hot water might be placed in the lavatory at one of the larger stations on the way north. It soon went cold. The metal foot-warmers, though they did little to heat the air of the compartments, were certainly helpful in melting the snow from one's footwear. And how often were our trains snowed up! One remembers journeys through the heart of the Highlands, between Dalnaspidal and Dalwhinnie, when the engine, in spite of its snow-plough, could make no progress. Here the drifts of winter are still cast athwart the railway-line in a manner which would soon obstruct it completely, were it not for the frequency of the trains now traversing this route in both directions, between Perth and Inverness. Those long barriers of railways sleepers, placed on end, and running parallel on either side of the line, at some little distance from it, do something to arrest these drifts at spots notorious for the depth of snow usually accumulating there.

If travel by railway be held up through wintry conditions in the Highlands, so too is travel by sea. Our mail-steamers sailing out to the Hebrides, for instance, are often hours late. It is remarkable that they eventually reach their destination. One recalls in this regard the comments of that eminent geologist, Sir Archibald Geikie, on the trials and uncertainties of northern travel in winter—how one never knew at what hour of the day or of night the mailboat might arrive. The delays of summer one did not seem to mind: the delays of winter, on the other hand, required patience and strength of constitution.

It is fashionable to travel to Switzerland to see mountains covered with snow, oblivious of the fact that no mountains look finer in winter than our own highlands. One immediately thinks of the Trossachs, the country rendered renowned throughout the world by Sir Walter Scott in *The Lady of the Lake* and *Rob Roy*. Lovely as is Loch Katrine in spring, in summer, and in autumn, it has a unique loveliness in winter, when the burns, if not frozen, run garrulously to augment it. It is then that the peaks of Perthshire show their fine contours, and the lochs are stilled, as if under enchantment. One thinks of Loch Achray, when the bullrushes by its fringes are heavy with hoar-frost, and the snow-clad peak of Ben Venue soars overhead. One thinks, too, of remote Glen Gyle, at the head of the Loch, where Rob Roy MacGregor was born. A place more silent and secluded in winter one cannot imagine.

Among the remotest spots by the shores of Loch Katrine is Glasachoil. Even in summer this sheep-farm is out of reach. Its inhabitants' only contact with the outer world is made by trudging many miles over the hills to Loch Ard, following the gullies and streams falling away on either side of the Tinkers' Loch, in the depth of these lonely hills. Occasionally, however, the shepherd and his wife may transport themselves by rowboat to the Trossachs end of Loch Katrine, so as to collect a few provisions. It will give you some idea of the remoteness of their abode when I tell you that Mrs. MacDougall, the shepherd's wife, sometimes does not see another woman for three or four years.

Few journeys in Britain in winter-time can be more spectacular than that leading from the shores of Loch Tulla, over the Black Mount and the Moor of Rannoch, to run steeply thereafter through Glen Coe. When the snows of winter wreathe the Clachlet, that famous deer sanctuary stands out with a clarity seldom known in summer. The deer of Argyll know their Clachlet well, and would seem to make for it automatically when in any kind of danger. They haunt it also in the depth of winter, though its rugged slopes can afford them little in the way of herbage.

EARLY ON A WINTER'S MORNING AT THE FOOT OF GLEN COE

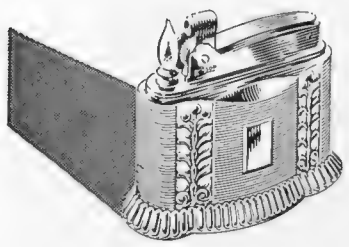
The glen to which the Campbells came in 1692 *is one of the loveliest in Scotland, extending for ten miles from Buchaille Etive to Loch Leven. The mountain peaks rise to* 3,800 *feet and fine views are obtainable from the road.*

AT THE BASE OF REST-AND-BE-THANKFUL IN GLEN CROE

This picture was taken from the road between Loch Long and Loch Fyne. Over two hundred years ago, General Wade's troops halted at Rest-and-be-Thankful when parts of Scotland were being brought under Hanoverian control.

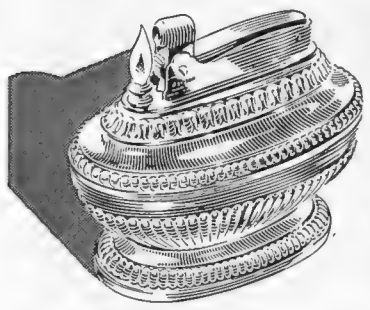
BEN NEVIS AND LOCH LINNHE FROM BANAVIE

This fine study of the highest mountain in Great Britain was photographed from the Road to the Isles. Ben Nevis, with its summit of 4,406 *feet above sea level, and the great* 1,500*-foot precipice on its north-eastern side, is formed of granite and gneiss at the base and of porphyry above. It lies about seven miles to the south-east of Fort William.*



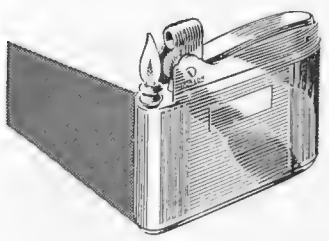
Husband gives wife gives husband

A pair of guns in an autumn syndicate? A grey mink in a strongroom safe? Or chocolates in a fit of extravagance? A Ronson Diana table lighter in a Christmas mood costs less (73/6) and makes a charming husband oblique wife gift.



For lovers of the old and contemporary

A Regency rake? Frivolous! A Hepplewhite house warmer? Fustian! A Chinese torchère? Fearsome! A Queen Anne table lighter by Ronson? Realistic! **4 guineas** and enchantingly finished in rich silver plate.

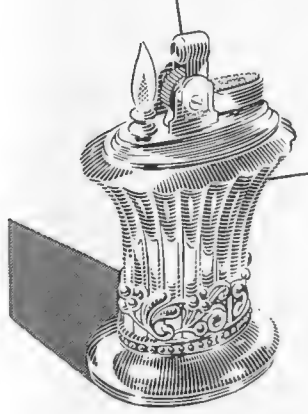


For a lady who smokes

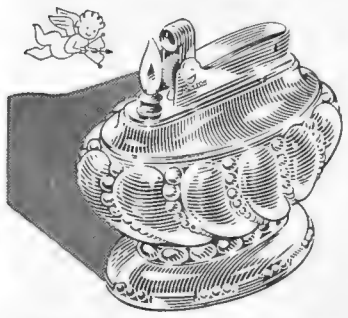
Fire bucket? Nylon hose? We're alight with ideas! So let's be sensible . . . this Ronson Adonis, is as elegant as a platinum watch. For a lady, it's Bond Street. For a gentleman, it's Ritz-Savoy. From **50/-**.

16 IDEAS FOR GIFTS

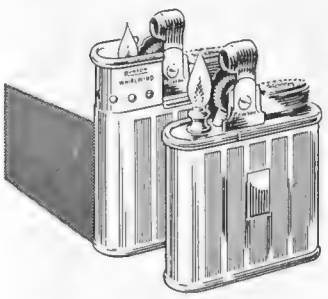
some a little lighter hearted than others



Idée élégante For the lover of lovely things, the Ronson Newport table lighter, is a collector's resistance piece. You might well resist it if it were more expensive, but at **73/6** it puts Red Anchor Chelsea and the Staffordshire dog right on the china shelf.



Crowning glory Something baroque and beautiful? Rococo and rememberable? What shall it be? A Viennese cupid? A Venetian grey mirror? Or a table lighter with those sumptuous yet subtle lines? The Ronson Crown, for example. At **4 guineas.**



For form studiers . . . or spinnaker haulers or scientists in wind tunnels, this frankly masculine and devant Ronson Whirlwind, featuring a little magic gadget which slides up for wind protection. Like all Ronsons (this one **50/-**) the Whirlwind lights first time, every time.

and get remembered for

GIVE A **RONSON**

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Imitations? Yes, there are some. But you really can't mistake the Ronson quality

Frost Fair—

some contemporary notes on the Great Frost of 1715-16, which is depicted on pages 28 and 29 of this issue

THE following account of the great frost, the subject of John Gay's delightful verses, was given in *Frost Fairs in Great Britain*, by William Andrews, F.R.H.S., published by George Redway in 1887.

1715–16: Thames again frozen over. At the time of this frost an advertisement appeared as follows: "This is to give notice to gentlemen and others that pass upon the Thames during this frost, that over against Whitehall-stairs they may have their names printed, fit to paste in any book, to hand down the memory of the season to future ages.

You that walk there, and do desyn to tell
Your children's children what this year befell,
Go print your names, and take a dram within;
For such a year as this, has seldom been."

The following account of this frost is drawn from Dawks's *News-Letter* of January 14, 1716:

"The Thames seems now a solid rock of ice; and booths for the sale of brandy, wine, ale and other exhilarating liquors have been for some time fixed thereon; but now it is in a manner like a town; thousands of people cross it, and with wonder view the mountainous heaps of water, that now lie congealed into ice. On Thursday, a great cook's shop was erected, and gentlemen went as frequently to dine there, as at any ordinary."

"Over against Westminster, Whitehall, and Whitefriars, Printing-presses are kept upon the ice, where many persons have their names printed, to transmit the wonders of the season to posterity."

It is further recorded of the Thames that "coaches, waggons, carts, etc., were driven on it, and an enthusiastic preacher held forth to a motley congregation on the mighty waters, with a zeal fiery enough to have thawed himself through the ice, had it been susceptible to religious warmth. This, with other pastimes and diversions, attracted the attention of many of the nobility, and even brought the Prince of Wales to visit Frost Fair. On that day, there was an uncommonly high spring-tide, which overflowed the cellars on the banks of the river, and raised the ice full fourteen feet, without interrupting the people from their pursuits. *The Protestant Packet* of this period observes that the theatres were almost deserted. The *News-Letter* of February 15 announces the dissolution of the ice, and with it this 'baseless fabric' on which Momus had held his temporary reign." The above paper then proclaims the good fare, and various articles to be seen and purchased.

Thou beauteous River Thames, whose standing tide
Equals the glory of thy flowing pride,
The city, nay the world's transfer'd to thee
Fin'd as the land, and richer than the sea.
The various metals, Nature can produce,
Or Art improve, for ornament or use,
From the Earth's deepest bowels brought are made
To shine in thee, and carry on thy trade.
Here Guilledum, fam'd for making silver pass
Through various forms; and Sparks as fam'd for brass,
There's T—— 'tween God and gold who ne'er stood neater,
And trusty Nicholson, who lives by pewter,
Wrote o'er their doors, having affix'd their names,
We under-writ, remov'd are to the Thames.
There miles together for the common good
The Slippery Substance offers dainty food.
Here healing Port-wine, and there Rhenish flows,
Here Bohea Tea, and there Tobacco grows.
In one place you may meet good Cheshire cheese,
Another proffers, whitest Brentford peas;
Here is King George's picture, there Queen Anne's,
Now nut-brown ale in cups, and then in canns:
One sells an Oxford dram as good as can be,
Another offers General Peper's brandy.
See! there's the Mall, and in that little hut
The best Geneva's sold, and live to boot,
See there, a sleek Venetian Envoy walks;
See here, an Alderman more proudly stalks.
Behold the French Ambassador, that's he;
And this the honest Sire, and Captain Leigh.
Here is St. James's Street, yonder the Strand:
In this place Bowyer plies; that's Lintot's stand.

Printed upon the Ice on the River Thames, January 23rd, 1739/40.

Together with the general view of the fair came a decorated sheet bearing the purchaser's name and looking rather like a modern greetings telegram.

On the left, we reproduce (by permission of The Parker Gallery) an example of a souvenir printed on the ice during a Frost Fair.

This amusing old print bears the following verse:

"Here you may print your
Name tho' cannot Write
'Cause numm'd with cold:
'Tis done with great
Delight!
And lay it by that Ages
yet to come
May see what things upon
the Ice were done."

By Appointment
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Dandies of the 17th, 18th and 19th Centuries

Some notes on the colourful characters depicted by Pauline Baynes on page 16 of this issue

Lieut.-Colonel "Boots" Kelly: A vain and eccentric type who was famed for the polished brilliance of his boots. So great was his love for them that it is related that he actually lost his life when trying to save his favourite pair from a fire. After his death, there was keen competition among his friends to secure the services of his valet, who alone knew the secret of the famous boot polish.

"Romeo" Coates: Robert, sometimes known as "Diamond" or "Curricle," Coates, was the son of a wealthy sugar planter in Antigua, where he was born in 1772. He was brought to England in 1780 and received a classical education. On returning to Antigua, he began to take part in dramatic exhibitions, to celebrate the patriotic movement of 1805. On his father's death, he inherited great wealth and a large collection of diamonds. He returned to England, took up residence in Bath, and lived in great style. His curricle, drawn by white horses, was shaped like a shell, and bore his motto "Whilst I live I'll crow" across the bar of the curricle under the design of a large cock. This led to yet another title of "Cock-a-doodle-do" Coates, which was often called by street urchins following the strange equipage.

Coate's love of the theatre led him to perform the part of Romeo at the Bath Theatre on 9th February, 1810, and a few months later, he was appearing in London as Lothario in *The Fair Penitent*. His eccentricities so intrigued London audiences that he became an equal draw to the young Roscius, and was the object of a farcical sketch, produced at Covent Garden by Charles Mathews. But Coates was undeterred and went on until he was finally laughed and hissed off the stage. His reckless spending and lending finally led him into financial difficulties, and he left England. Later, he came to an arrangement with his creditors and returned to live his last days quietly. On 15th February, 1848, leaving Drury Lane after a concert, he was involved in an accident, when he was crushed between a carriage and a hansom cab. Six days later he died at the age of 76.

"Skiffy": Sir Lumley St. George Skeffington, Bart., was one of the close circle of friends, surrounding the Prince Regent, and he frequently advised Prinny on matters of dress. He designed his own highly elaborate and original costumes, invented a new colour known as Skeffington brown, and is said to have spent the large sum for those days of £800 a year on his clothes. His cheeks were rouged and his "atmosphere that of a perfumer's shop." Sir Lumley was a moderately successful playwright, and Byron wrote of him :—

"Sure great Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
Renowned alike."

In the illustration on page 16, he is shown dressed in the manner of a "Zebra" so-called because of their liking for striped materials.

Beau Feilding: "Handsome Feilding" became notorious for his philandering at the court of Charles II, and survived as a Restoration rake into the reign of Queen Anne. He was excessively proud of his physique, and had a specially small carriage built in order to emphasise his size. He was a rake and a bully, and was convicted of bigamy in later life. After his second wife died, he tried to recover some of his squandered fortune by marrying a rich widow. He was tricked by an intermediary into marriage with another woman, Mary Wadsworth. Meanwhile he had been courting the Duchess of Cleveland, a notorious cocotte, who had been the mistress of Charles II among others. He went through a ceremony of marriage with her, sixteen days after his wedding to Mary Wadsworth. Before his conviction, he tried to prove that Mary was already married when he wed her, by means of a forged entry in the Fleet register. Feilding was a thorough-going rascal, and many tales are told of his profligacy.

Lord Petersham: One of the dandies of the Regency was Lord Petersham, whose name is associated with a type of greatcoat and who was known as a connoisseur of snuff. It has been said that "his room was like a shop . . . all round the walls were beautiful jars of innumerable kinds of snuff. Shelves and tables were covered with magnificent snuff boxes—a fresh box for every day in the year." Petersham never left his house until 6 p.m., and always travelled in a brown carriage drawn by brown horses and with coachmen and footmen in brown livery. He had been in love with a widow named Brown, at one time, and always remained faithful to the name.

Topham Beauclerk: The only son of Lord Sydney Beauclerk and a grandson of the Duke of St. Albans, Topham Beauclerk, who lived from 1739 to 1780, is remembered as a devoted friend of Dr. Johnson, and was generously described by Boswell. His conversation was easy and witty, and he was a great bibliophile, his library containing some 30,000 volumes. He is shown dressed as a "Macaroni," the name given to a set of young men who wore small hats atop of immensely tall wigs. These hats were raised to passing lady friends by means of a cane.

Beau Brummell: Perhaps the most famous of all dandies, George Bryan Brummell developed his fastidious taste in dress when he was a boy at Eton, where he soon became known as "Buck" Brummell. While there he was noticed by Prinny, who presented him to a cornetcy in his own regiment, the 18th Hussars, on 17th May, 1794. He retired from the service as a captain in 1798. Soon after, he came into a fortune of £30,000 and his life of elegance began in earnest. It is said that, on one occasion, the Prince of Wales "began to blubber when told that Brummell did not like the cut of his coat." He was a close friend of Prinny, but eventually they quarrelled—probably because of Brummell's satiric tongue. He gambled away his fortune, and in 1816 retired to Calais. Soon, however, he was in debt again and he ended his life in sordid circumstances at the age of 62 in 1840.

Count D'Orsay: An accomplished sculptor and painter, Count Alfred Guillaume Gabriel D'Orsay was described by Charles Mathews as "the beau ideal of manly dignity and grace."

Willis in *Pencillings By the Way*, says that he was "certainly the most splendid specimen of a man, and a well-dressed one, that I had ever seen." Lord Lytton dedicated *Godolphin* to him and referred to him as "the most accomplished gentleman of our times." With Lady Blessington he became a leader of the artistic and fashionable world in London for nearly 20 years. He revelled in scented baths, and his gold-fitted dressing case was so large that two servants were needed to carry it. Like so many of the famous dandies, he was finally beset by money troubles. He returned to France, contracted a spinal disease, and died in 1852 when only 50 years of age. He was buried in the mausoleum he had built in memory of Lady Blessington at Chambourcey.

Edward Ball Hughes: He inherited a large fortune from his step-father, the famous admiral Sir Edward Hughes, whose name he took in addition to his own. (He was the son of a Captain Ball.) In the early part of the 19th century, he became something of a social celebrity and was known as the "Golden Ball." In dress he was distinguished, and he introduced a style of black cravat. He married in 1823, a Spanish dancer named Mercandotti, giving rise to Ainsworth's lines :

"The damsel is gone, and no wonder at all
That, bred to dance, she is gone to a Ball."

He dissipated the greater part of his fortune and retired to St. Germains, near Paris, where he died in 1863.

Benjamin D'Israeli: Lord Beaconsfield, as a young man, was something of a dandy and an eccentric with his "long, raven-black ringlets, lace ruffles at his wrists and wondrous waistcoat." He was said to have appeared at a party in green velvet trousers and a black satin shirt, but, many years later, he wrote to the editor of an evening paper declaring that he had never in his life possessed a pair of green trousers. It was partly due to his dandified appearance that his first speech in Parliament was howled down, but he gave then a hint of his future greatness by declaring firmly that "a time will come when you *will* hear me."

Beau Nash: Richard Nash, born in Swansea in 1674, left Jesus College, Oxford, without a degree in 1692, when his father purchased him a pair of colours in the army. He soon found the profession of arms too restricting of his love of diversion and he entered the Inner Temple as a student the following year. He was soon indulging his love of fine clothes and gay life without visible means of support and he was suspected by some of being a highwayman. He was known to win money at the gaming tables, and he accepted many extravagant wagers to add to his funds. But it was at Bath that his glory was established. It was he who converted the spa from a shabby resort into a fashionable centre. His rule over standards of behaviour and dress in the Assembly Rooms, which he established, was autocratic. He became the uncrowned King of Bath. Nash was a sleeping partner of the lessee of the Assembly Rooms and probably of other gaming houses in the city. His fortunes faded after the act of 1740, banning all games of chance and, in 1758, the Corporation of Bath voted him an allowance of £10 a month. "The Beau of Three Generations" died at the age of 87 and was given an impressive funeral at Bath Abbey, the corporation having provided the sum of £50 for the expenses.

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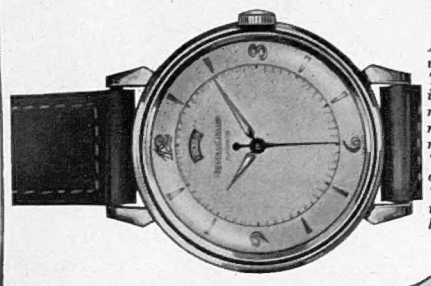

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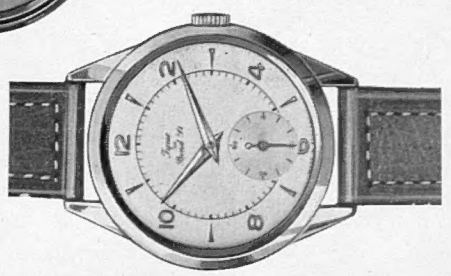

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Myers Cocktail—2 parts of 'Myers' to one part fresh orange juice. Add 6 drops fresh lemon juice and a dash of Angostura Bitters per glass and shake well with ice. Serve in cocktail glasses.

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WHEN PAUL JONES HARRIED OUR SHORES

(*Continued from p.* 20)

functioned, and when the officer commanding these fell shot through the head, Jones had to take his place, though he was needed elsewhere in the ship. Rallying a few men, he brought up another nine-pounder from the lee-quarterdeck, and with these three fought well, but none of the heavier cannon was fired for the rest of the action.

One gun he concentrated on the *Serapis* mainmast; the other two, supplemented by accurate fire from his topmen, he used to clear her decks—with such deadly effect that soon Captain Pearson ordered all his remaining men to keep below, and not one was seen above-board. But they were by no means safe there, for when the powder monkeys, finding no one to take their 18-pound cartridges, dumped them and went back for more, hand-grenades from the *Bonhomme* exploded them, causing many deaths.

Jones, despite his handicaps and the knowledge that his ship must eventually sink, fought now as if confident of victory, while Pearson, to save the useless sacrifice of his men, was on the verge of surrender. Just then, however, some of Jones's crew, thinking their position hopeless, cried out for quarter. Hailing this as a last-minute deliverance, Pearson demanded of Jones: "Do I understand that you have struck?" "No!" Jones thundered again, "I have just begun to fight!" and the fight went on with redoubled fury.

His ship took severe punishment from the enemy's lower battery of 18-pounders. In many places she was on fire, and he had to take men from the fighting to check the flames lest they reached the powder magazine. *Serapis* was on fire, too, but not in so grave a plight as the *Bonhomme*, whose holds were filling with water. Desperate, but still fighting back despair, Jones saw, with triumphant relief, *Alliance* at last coming to his aid. Now victory would be his.

But to his amazement and dismay, her treacherous captain, Landais—with whom he had already had trouble—raked the *Bonhomme's* stern with a broadside, firing indiscriminately at both ships. "For God's sake don't fire into us!" shouted the crew, but the French ship continued to do so until she had passed on, ignoring all signals, giving the *Bonhomme* several shots under water, killing some of the crew and wounding an officer. Landais's intention was obvious—to hold off till the *Bonhomme* sank, then claim the *Serapis* as his own prize.

It was the most crushing, astounding blow of the whole action, which left Jones in a situation he called "deplorable." And in the moonlight and fiery glow from the flames, there was no possibility of a mistake, for the ships were of different build, the *Bonhomme's* sides black, the *Serapis's* yellow. With the pumps powerless now to keep the water under, Jones's officers urged him to strike. The rudder was off, the stern-frame and transoms were almost completely cut away, timbers everywhere shot to pieces. And as the ship was obviously sinking, the master-at-arms freed the prisoners—nearly 500—telling them to save themselves.

CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES
A mezzotint, dated 1779, reproduced by permission of The Parker Gallery, describes Jones as "Commander of a Squadron in the Service of the Thirteen United States of North America."

Yet still Jones would not admit defeat. Seeing *Serapis's* main-mast totter and her gun fire lessening, he increased his own, and in a short time the battle was over. As Captain Pearson himself struck the English flag her mainmast went overboard. There was only just time to remove the wounded before the indomitable *Bonhomme* finally sank.

Jones had lost his ship, but his victory was complete for the *Countess of Scarborough* had already struck to the *Pallas*. He had won by sheer dogged, desperate persistence in the face of seeming disaster, and the news of his audacious triumph again spread alarm along our coast. Every strange sail was suspect and thought to herald another feared attack. The name Paul Jones became a bugbear like that of "Boney" a generation later.

With the survivors of his own and the two English crews he made for the Dutch harbour of Texel, where he obtained permission to set up a hospital for treating the wounded. We forthwith blockaded the island and applied, through our Ambassador, for the return of our ships and the delivery into our hands of Paul Jones, "a subject of the King, who, according to the treaties and the laws of war, could only be considered as a rebel and pirate."

Jones vigorously challenged this claim, pointing out in a letter to the Dutch Admiral Van der Capellen: "I was indeed born in Britain, but I do not inherit the degenerate spirit of that fallen nation, which I at once lament and despise. . . . America has been the country of my fond selection from the age of thirteen, when I first saw it. I had the honour to hoist, with my own hands, the flag of freedom the first time it was displayed on the Delaware; and I have attended it with veneration ever since on the ocean."

After much official wrangling Jones took command of the *Alliance*, having deposed Landais for misconduct, and had no difficulty in slipping through the blockade in a violent December off-shore gale. The other ships, including the English ones as prizes, were claimed by the French who had fitted out the expedition, and escorted from Texel by the Dutch fleet with the English powerless to intervene.

In Paris Jones was fêted as a hero, especially by the ladies, to whose romantic charms he was by no means averse after the dangers and ordeals of his critical fight off Flamborough Head. One ardent admirer, hearing that his crew had been denied their prize-money, offered her jewels as recompense, sat tearfully and adoringly before his portrait for hours at a time, and when he left for America vowed she would willingly have been the lowest of his crew to serve and be near him. To another, a married countess and painter, he wrote a fervent letter of farewell, enclosing a cipher in which she could write him "freely and without risk" and a lock of his hair, adding that he would have sent, if he could, his "heart itself."

King Louis warmly praised his bravery, presented him with a magnificent inscribed sword, and awarded him a military cross never before conferred on a foreigner. Later he was to know frustration while serving with the Russian navy, and die in exile and poverty; but now he departed in glory, resounding with the audacious tattoo he had beaten on proud England's door.

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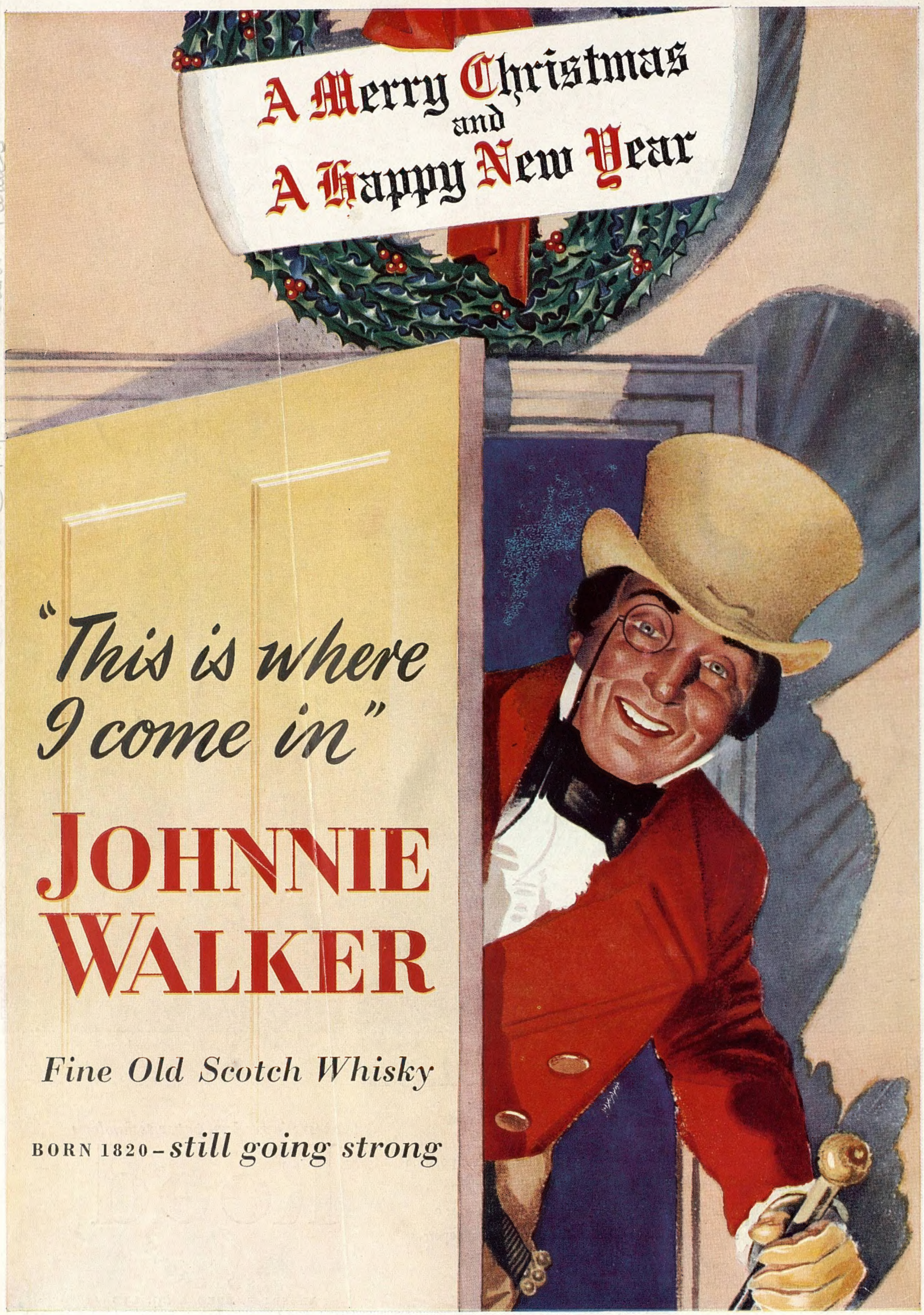

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